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# MR. and MRS. EUROPE

RUTH OSBORNE EWAN

1. Europe - 2000 m. 1919-

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What ho!

Another book for  
your fifteen -  
foot (high) shelf.

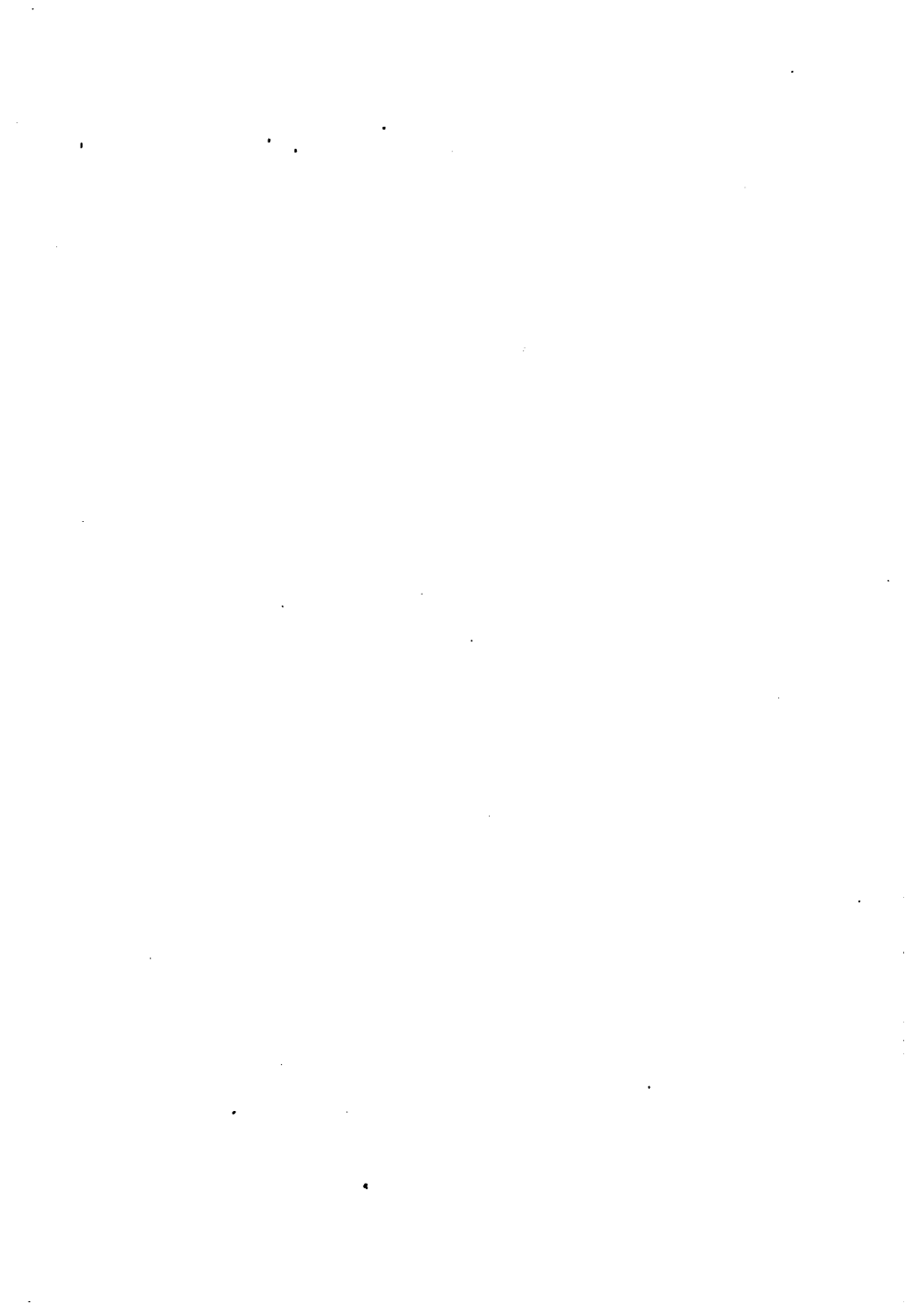
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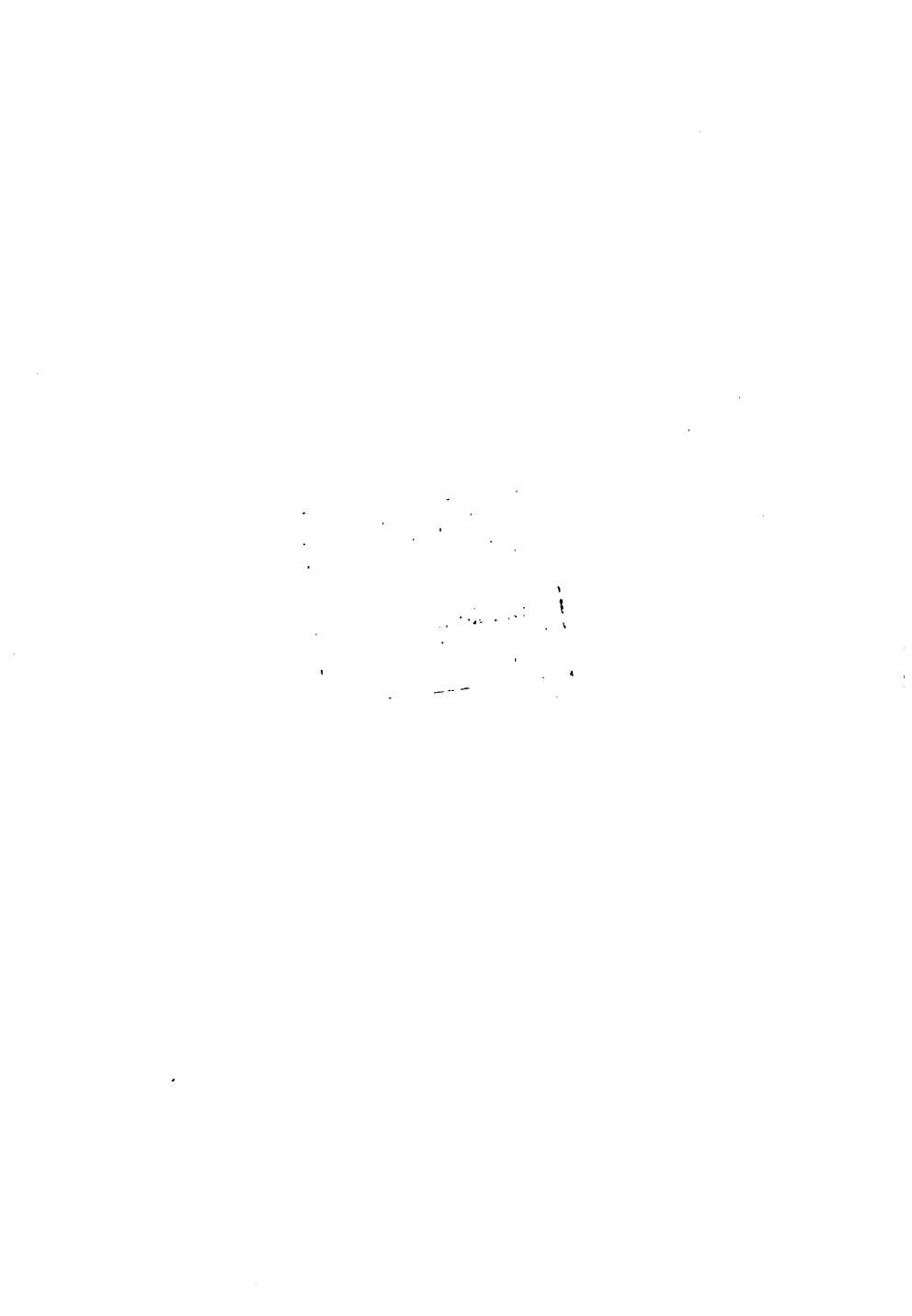
Ruth Osborne Swan

December 1922

BTZA

Ever -







**The Arc de Triomphe, through which one sees all Paris, of a  
Sunday morning, strolling along the Champs Elysees**

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# Mr. and Mrs. Europe

BY  
RUTH OSBORNE EWAN

4



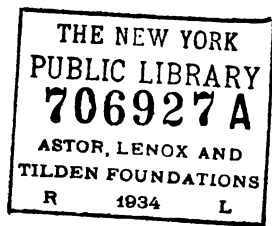
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## :: *Preface* ::

Between a man in his evening clothes and that same man in his shirt sleeves, there is no greater gulf than between a girl in a dinner frock and that same maid in a gingham apron. It is a trait of humanity that with the putting aside of the formal dress, is cast off the artificial manner of speech and mood. Personality then stands clear.

So much has been said about Europe. So many people have said it. But always has it been said with that megaphone style, that pedagogic dignity and "hands-across-the-sea" manner; and as we read we sit quite unconsciously stiff-backed in our chairs.

Ruth Osborne Ewan must have understood this; for she has chatted herein of Europe with its frock coat and crimson baldric put away, and its waistcoat comfortably unbuttoned.

I enjoyed it as I am sure you will. Mrs. Europe laughed at me roguishly and let me see her merry old eyes and loveable tricks. I smelled the exquisite, dreamy scent of her old, old romances, spread, as it were, upon the kerchief of her chic present. Mr. Europe compared notes. He talked randomly of shops and schools, of traffic and hotels; he spoke of prices, motors, and methods.

With her I languored atop the Rigi, lost in visions; with him I moved alertly through a work-a-day world.

A loveable pair this—Mr. and Mrs. Europe—he in his shirt sleeves, she in her gingham—friendly, interesting, genial. I am sure you will like them—and Miss Ewan, who introduced them to you.

W. C., JR.

January, 1922.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. On Board .....	1
II. Ullo to London.....	5
III. Another Day—Another World.....	9
IV. At the Shrine of Shakespeare.....	16
V. A Flying Trip to Paris.....	23
VI. So This Is Paris.....	28
VII. Rheims and Memories.....	36
VIII. On Top of the World.....	44
IX. Beyond the Alps.....	53
X. French Leave.....	70

# ILLUSTRATIONS

Arc de Triomphe.....	Frontispiece
Kenilworth .....	Facing page 20
Airplane .....	“ “ 24
Belleau .....	“ “ 36
Roosevelt's Grave .....	“ “ 42
Aiger—Swiss Mountain .....	“ “ 49
Venice Pigeons .....	“ “ 57
Swiss Boy—Vatican .....	“ “ 68
Monte Carlo .....	“ “ 72



## I. "On Board"

On your first trip abroad you say rather vaguely to your friends: "See you at the boat." After the first trip I imagine you say that only to your most cherished enemies. A steamer, on the morning she sails, is about as pleasant a place as a bargain sale, and the chances of finding anyone in the crowd would compare more or less favorably with my chances of making correct change in English money—but that's another sad story!

Well, anyway—everybody came to see everybody else off on the Aquitania and a possible two out of three found the person they were looking for. The rest just shouted "Bon Voyage" at anyone they happened to meet and hoped by the law of compensation that someone else was doing as well by their friends.

We got off on time—which almost upset a lot of well-laid plans in the movie world. In the first place, just at the last second there was a swishing hustle-bustle, accompanied by feminine squeals, and up the gang-plank came a tall blonde, all in gray, with an extravagant cluster of orchids at her waist. One of those breathless whispers that spreads the news faster than the loudest shout, just seemed to breathe into the air, "Mary Pickford"—and everyone was bending far out to see her. In reality, the blonde was Rubye de Remer, and the Pickford rumor started because Mary's sister, Lottie, was with Miss de Remer. She is a brunette—more like Jack than Mary—and wears dark clothes with Oriental trimmings and embroideries.

Well—they got on safely, the band started to play and one by one the gang-planks were withdrawn. The whistle



blew—but suddenly down went the gang-plank again and one of the officers of the ship came aboard rather breathlessly—and a bit sheepishly.

"Nearly left an officer," we said—and thought it was all over. But suddenly someone shouted: "Get him on! Get him on!" and there was a man hopping up and down on the pier, and on the deck was an equally excited "hopper." Was there nothing to be done? Indeed, there was—and they did it, for when the pilot dropped off the Aquitania, a passenger was transferred from a small tug to the big boat—and so Jack Barrymore's picture can go on! It takes more than a Cunard liner to interfere with the birth of a movie.

\* \* \*

And now—the man on the dock, then on the tug, and subsequently on the Aquitania, was Robert Schable, who, you will remember, was in "On with the Dance." He is going over to take some real English scenes in a real London setting with John Barrymore in his new picture—the name of which, worse luck, is still a secret.

The deck "hopper" was Mr. Albert Parker—Jack Barrymore's new director. If Mr. Schable had missed the boat we should have seen Mr. Parker playing his part as well as directing the picture. Mr. Barrymore has been in Paris during the Summer and is to resume his work in London at once. The party will return early in November and the rest of the picture will be "shot" by December. Mr. Parker has directed Douglas Fairbanks, and while, of course, we shan't see Jack Barrymore turning hand springs—we *shall* see him in less of character parts and more of "the great lover" roles under Mr. Parker's direction.

With Mr. Parker and Mr. Schable, at an afternoon table of cards, we often see Elliott Dexter, who is here, even though his name does not appear on the passenger list. He

is a distinguished person—quite retiring, but the center of interest wherever he goes. His table is just inside the dining room door, and he slips in and out most inconspicuously. This is his first trip abroad, and he expects to travel all Winter.

Lord and Lady Pirrie are on board. He's the head of the White Star Service. Guess he uses the Cunard line to cross on so he can complain of the food if he wants to. He is a charming old man with a white beard and his wife looks like a dowager empress. They "enter" the dining room—the rest of us just "go in," if you know what I mean.

Then there are the Hamilton Rices, on their way to Egypt. Mrs. Rice was formerly Mrs. Widener—her husband and son went down on the Titanic.

James Kirkwood, en route for Italy, and working on a Fitzmaurice production, is on board—and I should say that nine out of ten of the remaining passengers are English.

And there's that!

\* \* \*

Have you ever tried to ask advice about mapping out your trip through Europe? My advice is that given by "Punch" to those about to marry: "Don't!" You get one kindly soul and ask him quietly whether he thinks Dover to Calais or Harwich to the Hook of Holland is preferable. It's queer what a simple question like that will precipitate.

He looks at you sympathetically and yet accusingly, and before you know it he's got you to the point of going the Folkestone-Boulogne way. Calais is too rough; Harwich too long.

And by that time another of the ocean commuters has joined the circle, with an equally rigid code—not only for

the English channel, but for the rest of your trip. He has been over so many times that he scorns Westminster Abbey, Notre Dame, Saint Mark's and all the rest of the time-honored sights. To him, there is nothing in Europe to compare with the snails at "L'Escarot d'Or," the white-tiled kitchen of Peter Gallini's "Rendezvous," or the lobster Americaine at "L'Ane d'Or"—and then he and the other traveler begin to argue about the relative merits of the food from Brussels to Naples. This is where you quietly withdraw from the conflict. They won't miss you and you will want to arrange passage from Dover to Calais.

My conclusion is that in planning your tour, you may ask everyone else, but in the end you'll be left to draw your own conclusions—and your own route.

## II. "Ullo to London!"

I know now that there is nothing really thrilling about a steamer trip across the ocean. It is restful; it is peaceful; it is rejuvenating; it is romantic—but it is *not* thrilling. It is merely a passive stage of transition from here to there—or should I say "there to here."

The minute you step off the boat, even commonplace American faces (not your own, of course) seem suddenly transformed. There is a subtle change that comes over everybody when the gong rings, the gang-plank goes down and you trundle off—in England! Here is the *real* thrill!

\* \* \*

The steamer touched at Cherbourg about noon, and there the little French girls came aboard with the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. About half the passengers disembarked there—transferring to a spick-and-span little boat with brilliant red and green trimmings.

No one pretended to go inside after we left Cherbourg. There you came upon land suddenly, but for hours before we reached Southampton there was land on either side, with a glorious sunset to top it off.

The lovely Isle of Wight which, I fancy, is a bit like our own Newport—in the social scale—drew admiration from all the Americans, and pride from all the British. We passed near enough to see the terraced gardens of the Queen's favorite palace—and rarely averted a fist fight between two Englishmen who disagreed on the question of Victoria's having died there.

Dinner on board was a trifle uncertain. Up to that time we had had no definite information about leaving the ship. Our room steward was sure we'd be on another night; our table steward equally certain we'd be off after dinner—and he won!

We had hoped to make the trip from Southampton to London by day. Now I know it was infinitely more novel and exciting to arrive by moonlight.

On the boat, somehow, we brought America with us, but we lost it with the first step ashore—where we were guided by chin-strapped “Bobbies” and red-necktied English porters.

Customs' inspection is a cursory affair these days—or else we have particularly honest faces. Anyway, they didn't open a piece of our baggage, but chalked it up, weighed it and—heavens! disappeared with it! No check! No receipt! Just a beautiful faith in the fact that no one else would think well enough of our trunk to take it.

\* \* \*

A special Cunard train stood waiting—and it looked as if it had been waiting for fifty years. All the doors of the little six-passenger compartments stood hospitably open—you could take your choice. This was all under a great shed and even after we were settled, there were scores of frantic men and women rushing about with porters and little trucks collecting their baggage. There was shouting, excitement, tumult. And then there were quiet, calm English officials who didn't seem to recognize any urgency or need for haste.

I saw Elliot Dexter entrenched rather helplessly in the midst of his baggage, and Jimmie Kirkwood's red hair standing almost on end—but in a time like that all men are, indeed, equal. The rattling of a couple of shillings in one's hand is

supposed to be efficacious, but it loses its magic when everyone is trying it—and merely gives the effect of an accompaniment for a Spanish dance.

After they had carefully determined that everyone was on board we finally creaked out of the shed and started north.

The girls who had been selling coffee, sandwiches, wine and fruit—for all the world like war-time canteen workers at home—were left behind. The doors were closed and from that time until London was reached, nearly two hours later, if you wanted a drink (I mean water, of course), you wanted it, and that was all. There you were, and there you stayed until the train stopped. I wonder if they ever find people dead when they open the door at the next station. It gives you a terribly helpless feeling when you know the door is shut and locked, and nothing less than a wreck or an earthquake will open it en route.

The trains are comfortable—but ancient! They jog along at a rate that seems positively miraculous when you get out and see the dinky little engine—for all the world like a toy locomotive. Framed water color views of English scenes hang on the walls, and also a large railroad map. Thinking we must be near London, just after we passed a station I got up and looked for the name on the map. I couldn't find it, so I turned to Dad and said: "I can't find 'Bovril' anywhere, we just passed it." Everyone snickered—and now I know why. I had mistaken a tonic advertisement for the name of the station, and I might just as well have said, at home: "I can't find 'Mellin's Food.'"

\* \* \*

It was moonlight when we started, but by the time we reached London, the city was shrouded in the traditional fog. I should have felt cheated if it hadn't been that way.

The station looked just like all stations—only the taxis seemed to stand right in the center of it—inside! Waterloo station! As we swung out, I gasped. I was sure there would be a collision—but when we passed the other cab safely, I suddenly realized that we were in London—actually—and that here one passed on the left instead of the right side.

It was late—almost midnight. It was foggy. It was London.

Every shadow stood for a probable something that I had been reading about or longing to see all my life. There was the thrill of the unknown, whetted now and then by a quaint post, gate, sign or shop that came popping out of the dark and fog to greet me.

A scarlet sign above a door: "Coachmaker to his Majesty"; two solid brick entrance gates with old English lanterns swinging free; the double "tram" with its quaint sign: "Wood Green"; the inscription "Clive" in marble; a round-hatted, chin-strapped "Bobby"; Rumpelmayer's—where one has tea; the river; and finally—the Ritz! All fragmentary snatches, intriguing glimpses of the London I shall see tomorrow.

Instead of a porter, here a frock-coated individual showed us to our rooms with all the pomp and ceremony of a "function."

And when I waken in the morning I shall rush right out to see the substance of these intangible, shadowy glimpses of a new-old world that were my first introductions to London.

### III. Another Day—Another World!

I wondered if London could ever fulfill the promise of that first foggy, mysterious evening—fell asleep wondering—and awakened to find the dream come true. Misty, gray, foggy, dirty—yes, all of that on the surface, but with all the beauty there, underneath.

In the first place, London is low—so low that if you ask an Englishman which is its highest building, he'll probably not be able to tell you. There are few street cars—"trams," they call them—probably because the streets are too narrow for double tracks and motors. Traffic direction is intricate—but efficient. The traffic cop's job is complicated by the jig-saw arrangement of the London streets. Our cities have been made, you see, while London has simply "grown up," and the curious circles, crescents and squares into which the streets twist themselves, result in a bewildering geometric puzzle at their intersection. Driving on the left-hand side of the road adds still another strange feature to the American. This and their monetary system are unique with the English—both conducive to brainstorm and profanity on the part of visiting Americans.

\* \* \*

The Savoy is a bit of America, completely surrounded by England. Here in a story-book sort of room, with one whole side of glass—looking out over the Thames—during the day we see squatty buildings on the other side of the river, busy little piping steamers plying up and down, "trams" going along the Victoria Embankment, and, in the distance, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. At night—



thousands of twinkling lights mark the bridges and the houses along the water-front. It's like a pre-release of the charms of Venice.

\* \* \*

After my first dinner at the Savoy I can say authoritatively that with English women the long skirt is an accomplished fact. The fabric is usually ankle length with side sashes and overskirts that almost touch the floor.

Very rarely do you find a woman without some sort of head-dress in the evening. A wreath of golden or silver leaves is seen frequently. One girl with a black lace frock had a wired black lace head-dress which was very effective with her blonde hair. Several wore a sort of twisted vine with tiny clusters of berries in shades matching their gowns, and one vivacious little French girl had a string of pearls, low on her forehead, confining her curly dark, bobbed hair. One felt that the pearls were genuine, too, for though she was quite simply dressed in a severely plain black velvet gown, the coat she slipped into was of chinchilla.

\* \* \*

The Savoy's was the first real American music I had heard since I left home, and when I walked into the dining room—well, The Star Spangled Banner may be our national hymn—but “Ain't We Got Fun” isn't a bit slow in rousing one's American spirit.

Which reminds me—when I complained about the dance music on the boat, a supercilious English officer said to me very gently: “We English really don't know any more about ragtime than you Americans do about *good music*.” An answer which I'm sure Shakespeare would have catalogued as “the retort courteous.”

\* \* \*

The tiny motor cars over here are fascinating. They are no larger than a Ford—sometimes built on a Ford

chassis, but exquisitely proportioned and beautifully finished. There are roadsters with an opening in the back where two may sit more or less comfortably.

Top hats, you know, are *de rigueur* at any time of day, and it is not unusual to see four men on their way to work, early in the morning, in one of these baby cars, dressed most correctly in frock coats and tall silk hats. Or perhaps you'll see a man chauffering himself about, wearing a gray high hat. It never ceases to amuse and interest the Americans.

\* \* \*

One morning an English girl friend of mine took us all for coffee at the English-speaking Union rooms overlooking Trafalgar Square.

By the way, tea drinking isn't a continuous performance in England at all. Tea at four—yes, but at most other times you'll find its coffee they're drinking, and poor coffee at that.

Poor, that is, to an American who likes his coffee with cream, and cannot fathom the British preference for a great pitcher of hot—and thin—milk, which he mixes at about a fifty-fifty proportion with his coffee. The result is rather disappointing.

But back to the English-speaking Union. This club has no particular object other than the furtherance of friendly relations between all the English-speaking nations. Here one may read American newspapers and magazines, bring one's friends to coffee in the morning, tea in the afternoon, or dance in the evening.

From the window we looked out on Trafalgar Square, where, on that particular day, there must have been a thousand policemen ready to prevent a threatened mass-meeting of the unemployed.

Preparations for the celebration of Trafalgar Day next week were proceeding with difficulty. The four great bronze lions get their annuals baths for that occasion and have gay ribbons tied around their necks.

\* \* \*

Wednesday night we took Teddy Schimpf's advice and went to the Coliseum. That's their high-brow name for their vaudeville house—which is very like, and yet very unlike, our Keith houses.

In the first place, it's enormous, and has a stage that seems more like that of the Hippodrome than anything else at home. The gigantic curtain parts in the middle instead of rolling up, and the back of the theatre is lined with boxes, or stalls. This necessitates an entrance from the side-front, and one comes up, instead of going down to one's seat—if it's in the orchestra.

No matter where it is, you are apt to sit next a man comfortably smoking his pipe or a woman puffing away at a cigarette—for it is quite ordinary to see both.

If you want a program—you buy one, and if you don't invest in a box of chocolates at the same time the usher considers you quite odd. They are munching candy on all sides of you.

Another thing you'll notice is that there are women playing in the orchestra. Then, after you've juggled your hat on your knee for half the evening, you find there's a convenient shelf provided for it on the back of the seat ahead. That shows how much room there is between rows, and the incline is so steep that everyone is well above the heads of those in the next row.

\* \* \*

Human nature recognizes no geographical distinctions. It was painfully reminiscent of America to find half the audience trailing out during the last act on the bill.

The English are so very polite about their advertising, and so punctilious in the wording of their copy. Do you think any London sign-board would rudely advise you to "Ask Dad, he knows." Indeed, no! You'd find that expressed something like this: "Make inquiries of your paternal progenitor, for he is undoubtedly in possession of evidence bearing indisputably upon the matter."

At home we put up signs in buses and subways: "Watch your step." Here we find erudite little slogans like: "Contempt for risks breeds familiarity with accidents." Take the pawn shops, for example. Who would ever guess from the sign that it was only "Uncle Benny" ready to advance money on our watches and diamonds? Surely the average American is still in the dark after reading: "Plate and jewelry valued for probate"—that is, until he sees the familiar little three-ball identification mark, which is the same in all countries.

\* \* \*

Walking down the street offers a succession of surprises, varying from slight details of speech and dress, to more important bits of historic interest. Even as early as ten in the morning you may find a long queue of people waiting their turn to buy seats for the "pit" at a popular matinee performance. They sometimes have little camp stools with them, but oftener they simply stand for hours. They say that on the opening day of the newest London musical offering, "Cairo," one man came as early as four in the morning—and that, mind you, was for the evening performance.

Then there are the buses—hundreds of them going dozens of different routes. They don't stop at every corner, but here and there you find signs which assure you most earnestly that here is the place to get a 2, 6, 18, 13, 15, 33 and 8 bus. So there you stand—and when they come it's a sporting chance whether you'll get on or not. They don't know

what it means to wait until the bus has stopped before alighting. Women and children drop casually off the bus while it's going, and before you've had a chance to get one hand on the rail, you find the bus has slipped quietly away from you.

Once in, however, you could ride forever for six-pence—that is, twelve cents in our money. They pay by distance, and for one of their mammoth pennies and a half you can ride for ten minutes. Once, in a reckless mood, I gave the conductor five pennies, and I believe if I hadn't staggered off, from pure exhaustion, I'd have been riding yet. It's the same with taxis. You ride for ages, and begin to believe the meter must be stuck, before it finally moves on from one shilling to one and three-pence. Which means that in London anyone can be a sport!

\* \* \*

About the first sight-seeing we did was on a trip to Hampton Court—the palace started by Wolsey, which was snatched away by Henry VIII and used by the kings down to the time of George II. The park and gardens are glorious—even though they say this is not the best time of year to see them. Fountains, long stretches of rolling green lawn, sunken gardens, the huge grape vine which yielded six hundred and fifty bunches of grapes this season for the King (wonder if any one has warned him about appendicitis)—and the palace! A thousand rooms—and I'll bet we walked through nine hundred and seventy-six of them! Tapestries, paintings, a few of the old furnishings and over it all a sense of intimacy with those romantic figures of old history.

Into Henry VIII's private praying room, where he married two of his queens, we went and looked down into the exquisite little chapel which is still used for services, still lighted by tall, tapering candles, and still using the organ installed in Henry's time—one of the first made.

Into the long dining hall, or banquet room with its glowing old stained glass windows and carved walls; into the haunted gallery where, they say, Catherine Howard was imprisoned before she was put to death; and then, out into the glorious sunshine again to wander about a bit among the fountains and flowers, and to wonder if it isn't much more cheerful to live in two rooms and a kitchenette.

\* \* \*

On Thursday to luncheon with an English girl who has just returned from Ireland, and who gave me quite a new angle on the country. She had gone up with a friend who had recently inherited an old estate in County Meath, which was in the hands of the old family butler—who was bequeathed with the house. When they got there they found him raising turkeys under an umbrella in the front hall, and collecting eggs in a silver goblet that had been presented to the original owner by the king. Delightful picture, isn't it? And there were lots more just as good.

\* \* \*

After luncheon we strolled in Kensington Gardens—dear to all lovers of Peter Pan—and saw the palace where Queen Victoria lived as a girl, and which still contains her collection of dolls. In the Gardens, also, is the Round Pond where on Sunday mornings English gentlemen race toy boats, and actually take it seriously! There is a statue of Queen Victoria, done by her daughter, the Princess Louise, and a sunken garden copied after the one at Hampton Court. Before the garden, two girls stood entranced. "Can't you just see Queen Anne as she walked in that sunken garden?" one whispered to the other—and they were just as happy (or happier) than if they had known it was laid out only about twenty years ago.

## IV. At the Shrine of Shakespeare

We spent three days motoring through Eton, Windsor, Oxford, Warwick, Blenheim, Kenilworth—and eventually, of course, Stratford. There are lots of English people who have never been there, but the Americans never fail to go. Twenty-five thousand visitors have signed in the book at Shakespeare's birthplace during the past year, and I shouldn't be surprised if three-quarters of them were from the United States.

I shall feel qualified to write a book entitled: "When Not to Go Where, in Europe," after a few more trips like that one. Let me say now—don't go to Windsor on Friday or to Stratford and Kenilworth on Sunday. We did both.

Of course, I suppose state apartments must be swept and dusted, but why dust them on Friday? After getting by a fearsome guard at Windsor, with a red coat and a tall black muff on his head, it was too discouraging just to walk around, look at the gray stone walls, and think how much it looked like the postal cards. I had had visions of seeing the King's own tooth brush—and I didn't even get as far as the front door!

That day we had luncheon at Wargrave in a real English home. "Orchard Cottage" is a fascinating little house, made out of a roadside Inn—with a sign still readable, if one looks hard enough, proclaiming that the best ale is on sale there. We sat in the dining room and looked out on an old world garden at the back, surrounded with a high brick wall and filled with an untidy, riotous and glorious profusion of garden flowers and vines. At the side of the fireplace was a cupboard where the old roisterers used to leave their pipes.

The ceilings were so low that you couldn't go upstairs without bumping your head—but you treasured the bump.

\* \* \*

Eton was delightful! All the boys wear top hats, even to classes, and some of the youngsters aren't more than fourteen years old. To see the little chaps in their tailless Eton suits, and the older boys with their frock coats is a real treat. They don't look as if they *could* be planning all the mischief you know boys of that age must have in their heads. Until they've been there two years they must walk on the left hand side of the street, and when they've been four years, and are a member of "Pop" (the debating club) they are privileged to leave the lowest button of their waistcoats undone.

Charming, unique, English—that's Eton.

\* \* \*

Oxford is very different. It looks a thousand years old, and from the outside the colleges look dull and dreary indeed. You know, of course, that a myriad of small colleges go to make up the sum total of Oxford. Each college has its own chapel, dining hall and dorms, and they are all more or less alike, from the street. Once through the gates, however, you find yourself invariably in a grassy quadrangle with neat walks and lovely flowers. There is nothing gloomy about this. Boys are rushing hither and thither, usually, they say, in cap and gown, but we were there on opening day and they looked more like movers than scholars. Here would come a pyramid of books and picture frames, and down inside somewhere you'd know there was an Oxford student shifting to new quarters.

Magdalene—which they pronounce "Maudlin"—with its beautiful chapel, the college where the present Prince of Wales spent two years; Balliol, among whose illustrious living graduates Lord Curzon and Asquith are numbered; the



"Camera," or library from whose dome the whole of Oxford with its colleges stretching out like the spokes of a wheel, can be seen; the little Mitre Hotel in whose stone courtyard generations of Oxford students have taken tea—these are but a few of the many vivid pictures which flash before my eyes at the mention of the name Oxford.

\* \* \*

Motoring through England is a constant succession of fascinating adventures. In the first place, the roads are excellent, but none of their beauty has been sacrificed for the sake of the speedy motorist. In America, when a road is paved, it is automatically straightened. Here, not one of the twists and curves has been disturbed—the paving following the winding route of the original pathway. The result is that speeding is practically impossible here. Who wants to speed, anyway? It's much better to amble along and to come quietly upon some quaint house or some peaceful bit of English rural life that one would miss altogether at forty miles an hour.

England really is big enough to have huge rolling fields. Somehow I always felt that if you went fast in England you were likely to drive right off the edge, but we kept on pretty steadily for three days without falling off—through such charming villages as Sonning, which snuggles along the river, and which abounds in drives with tall walls on one side and equally tall hedges on the other; through Henley, where the annual regatta is held on the river, with races for the crews and punting for everybody else.

\* \* \*

Every village has its own green in the center of the town, where small boys play what they call football, with what looked to me like a basketball. In some places all the houses have thatched roofs—and if one has had a master thatcher the edges are fancifully finished in intricate designs.

Of even the most unpretentious of cottages, the casement windows with their tiny panes make an artistic and attractive picture.

There are bicycles everywhere. Miles from town you find a cyclist halted by the side of the road looking at his maps, or at a crossroad consulting the guide-posts. The other night I asked the porter at the hotel what Dad and I could do for an hour or so—and he suggested cycling! So, you see, it's being done. There are lots of motorcycles, too, with side cars and extra seats to accommodate the whole family. Gasoline—petrol, they call it, is so expensive that small cars are in great demand.

All along the road, at intervals of five miles or so you find uniformed men on motorcycles, stationed there by a popular motor club. If you belong, their insignia is placed on the front of your car, and these men are at your disposal for any thing you may require. If they salute, you know that all is clear ahead—but if not, look out for traps. The system is remarkably efficient, so much so that recently the authorities tried to abolish the saluting system. In case of bad roads, they halt and warn you.

\* \* \*

We had our only puncture at Banbury—but I didn't see the "fair lady" or the "white horse" either, as we waited by the roadside.

\* \* \*

We reached Stratford just in time for dinner. There, at a little gabled inn called "The Shakespeare House," we came to rest, with high hopes of all we should see the next morning. The Shakespeare season at the memorial theatre ended in September, and—oh, shades of the Avon bard—they were showing movies there. Down we went—to see Tarzan, and to hear all the Stratford youths hiss the villain and applaud the hefty hero.

The hotel couldn't have been as old as it looked, with its rough-hewn rafters and quaint old furniture. Every room was named for one of the Shakespearean plays. Mother and Dad had the "Midsummer Night's Dream" suite, and I was delegated to "King Lear." Next door to me was "Timon of Athens"—and Timon certainly snored most unromantically.

Next morning we discovered, to our dismay, that nothing at Stratford was open on Sunday, and though we considered it important that we had journeyed all the way from America to see it, they weren't a bit impressed. We finally persuaded the caretaker of the birthplace to let us in—so we stood in the little cottage, where twenty-five thousand others had stood during the past year. Anne Hathaway's cottage we had to see from the outside, but with its luxuriant, rambling old garden it was worth seeing, if only from there.

They even close ruins on Sunday—for when we reached Kenilworth, that, too, was not open for inspection. So we stood on a hill just opposite, and watched the sun sink behind the walls, and tried to imagine how festive it must have been in the days when Queen Elizabeth went a-week-ending there.

Warwick and Blenheim were both impressive, but by the time we got around to them we had seen so much that we couldn't do anything but gasp an exhausted gasp, and turn toward London.

\* \* \*

The milkman comes around in the daytime here. If you see a tiny cart in the street with a mammoth brass kettle that looks like a coffee pot seen through a magnifying glass—you'll know that's the milk-man. He has little pint measures hung all around the edge of the cart, and he dips out as many as you wish.

\* \* \*

And the door-knobs you'll find in the middle of the door—so it isn't always the reaction after prohibition that makes it hard for an American to get into his room after dark.



**Kenilworth—rich in memories of the days of Queen Bess**

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The Royal Family must be overstocked with every conceivable commodity, judging from the shop windows. Every other one on the street claims to be "By Special Appointment to the King," and as for medicines—well, if the poor king had as many ills as he is provided with remedies for, I feel sorry for the Queen, though I suppose royal dispositions can't be ruined by a small matter like sickness.

\* \* \*

Four railway stations on the same line out of London are: "Cachem," "Cookam," "Burnham" and "Eatam" (Eton)—which sounds like *some* fish story!

\* \* \*

"Fire-sign" collecting is a favorite hobby with Englishmen. On your way through the country you can see those that have not yet fallen into the collector's hands. They are small copper plates on the front of the houses, and each plate signified a different company issuing insurance. The fire engines might dash up to your house when it was on fire—but if they got there and found that you had taken insurance with some other insurance company than the one they were interested in, they would turn around and dash back again—and you could put the fire out yourself.

\* \* \*

To the Cheshire Cheese for luncheon—that same place where Ben Jonson and his cronies used to gather. I liked the associations better than the food!

\* \* \*

Of course, we went to the Abbey on Monday to see Pershing lay the Congressional Medal of Honor on the grave of the unknown warrior of England. And when I had stood on a chair and sat on a corner stone that happened to be convenient, I turned and discovered I'd been sitting on the grave of Sir Isaac Newton—and there was Father yonder with his foot on Darwin—and now, if you know the Abbey,

you know that we were in the west wing, where the grave is located, and the ceremony was held. From the gates of the choir to the grave, American and British soldiers stood in parallel lines, with the sunlight streaming full in the faces of our own boys, and casting colorful rays as it came through the stained glass windows. The Scots Guards had been playing from eleven o'clock on. At twenty after, there was silence—then the sound of the choristers singing "The Supreme Sacrifice"—

"O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came  
Through dust of conflict and through battle  
flame . . ."

and then they came from the choir doors and passed through the lines of British and American soldiers. The Dean; the custodian of the Abbey, in white wig and legal costume; the Duke of Connaught, representing the King; Pershing and Ambassador Harvey; Winston Churchill and Lloyd George—all followed, and the line halted at the grave-side.

The speeches were impressive—I found out from the paper the next day. At the time, you couldn't hear a thing, except a mumble of voices, punctuated by the scraping of chairs as the valiant ones in back decided to see, even if they couldn't hear. Then Pershing knelt and placed the medal on the tomb.

After the benediction, the great crowd stood silently and reverently as the Last Post echoed throughout the Abbey—to me the most moving part of the ceremony—and then the Scots broke into the stirring music of the national anthem. After a verse of "God Save the King," they gave us a verse of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the procession passed out through the Abbey to the grounds in front, where the American troops were reviewed by Pershing—and there's another sweet memory to be stored away.

Tomorrow at eleven we fly to Paris.

## V. A Flying Trip to Paris

And they take it quite as a matter of course! We bought our tickets the day before the flight, and found that our seats were in the third plane scheduled for flight that day. Seats one, two and three were crossed off for us, which meant that we were right in the nose of the machine. Let me assure you that you grab those seats when you're making reservations—but when the plane begins to glide off the ground, you'd be perfectly willing to exchange with someone farther back in the tail.

The vague "little over two hours" between London and Paris really comes nearer five by the time you've gone from city to city. Our actual flying time was two hours and forty-five minutes, but both fields are well outside the city limits, and the trip includes quite a long automobile ride at each end.

We were dumped out of the automobile before a wooden building into which we, plus our baggage, were directed. Passports and customs inspectors did their worst and, with our "thirty-pounds-of-baggage-each," we stepped out the opposite door. There they lay—three great machines, ready for the trip. Excited mechanics rushed about tightening a bolt here, testing a wire there, and oiling everything except us and our suit cases.

We left from Croydon—the airport—at quarter of one. There was no waiting for belated passengers; the departure was exactly on the minute—precisely as though it were a railway train.



An early morning rain had quite cleared the atmosphere, and there was a tingle in the air and a sparkle to the sun that sent your spirits bounding long before the propeller started. Baggage was being stored "aft"—or whatever corresponds to aft, in a plane; passengers were fussing; one girl was trying to get by without a passport—assuring the obdurate official that her father was in the diplomatic service, and handing him a pound or so to show she was, too; another girl was ducking into the low doorway of the machine with a French poodle tucked under her arm. There was a novelty, an excitement about it that increased as we approached a big blue plane, which was pointed out as ours. Of course, we immediately decided that it wasn't so substantial looking as the other two, which were gray and business-like.

We hadn't much time to think it over, for we were scarcely in our comfortable wicker chairs when the engines started. There we were, out in the nose of the machine, feeling rather helpless and suddenly sure that the channel wouldn't have been such a bad way to cross, after all. There were four of us in the little front compartment. Just behind that sat the pilot and his mate, and back of them was another compartment for eight.

The French poodle was in our machine, and looked just as I felt. There was a panicky feeling for a minute when the realization came that there was no retreat possible now, a funny quirk in the region of the good old-fashioned waistline, a sickly smile all 'round—and off we went. The next time I thought about being frightened was after we landed at Bourget, and I suddenly realized where we had been, and what might have happened. During the actual trip there was no more thought of danger.



**Why go by boat when one can fly from London to Paris in this  
twelve-passenger Farnum plane**

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The hum of the motors, which seemed deafening at first, gradually began to sound like the contented purring of some giant cat. Below us lay a countryside so beautiful that it's no wonder they established an air route to show it off. There are no rough edges in England; they finish off everything with neat little hedges. The fields are so large and so green that the curving roads look for all the world like puttied cracks in a green saucer. Spick and span little villages are scattered along so close together that sometimes you can see four or five at once, and here and there are lovely estates with formal gardens and picturesque little lakes—tree-bordered and glassy—the kind we used to have under our Christmas trees.

Suddenly, sparkling and dancing about, just below us, was the channel—and here were some scurrying clouds coming toward us. We dipped suddenly—and automatically, it seemed, we curled our faces into grimaces, clutched our belts and turned inquiringly toward the pilot, who grinned cheerfully and pointed to the clouds we had ducked under. Then up we started, right through billowy, whipped cream sort of clouds, on above them until we could see nothing overhead but clear blue sky and a dazzling sun, and nothing below but the clouds, looking like mountains of snow. In every direction, they lay, and we forgot we were over the channel—forgot everything but the beauty of the snowy clouds that seemed to be piled at our very feet, as though we might be on some aerial toboggan in a snow-bound fairyland.

I suppose they would have been poor support if we had tumbled into them, but there *was* a sense of stability about the nearness of the clouds at just the place where we might have felt a bit nervous. Before we had stopped exclaiming at the increasing splendor of our setting, the hoarse voice of our pilot sang out "Boulogne," the clouds parted as if by magic—and there was France.

A little aerial bulletin was slipped into my hand and I read that we were now over Boulogne at a height of 1,200 meters, that it was 1:45 (one hour after we had started) that we had come 155 kilometers and had 225 still to go, that our speed was 150 kilometers an hour, our weather, "fine, with a few clouds" and that we should probably arrive at 3:30.

\* \* \*

France is not beautiful. I didn't think so when I first looked down on it, I don't think so now. It is patchy, uneven, broken-up, and chopped into irregular little blocks that fit into each other geometrically, but not artistically. Here a man's estate is divided among all his children, which subdivision accounts for the tiny shares.

In England, where the whole property goes to the eldest son, the seemingly boundless estates are kept intact. A fairer law in France: a fairer landscape in England!

The French are a gregarious race. They all cluster in their little villages and go out to their farm land every day, instead of living in the comparative isolation of farm life. At the time I couldn't understand the miles of fields without a sign of a house.

I never realized how winding the English roads were, until I suddenly saw France slashed by straight ones. The landscape was dotted with many little haystacks that looked, from up there, like nicely browned muffins. I missed the English hedges.

At three o'clock there was another bulletin. We were flying lower now—only about 800 meters—over Beauvais, 80 kilometers from our landing field at Bourget.

Commenced then the usual business of straightening hats, powdering noses and arranging veils—with a watchful eye out for the very first sight of Paris.

It came at last, as everything does—even Prohibition! On the ground beneath us lay a geometric figure in the shape of a four-pointed star with “Bourget” in the center. And that low rambling city yonder must be Paris. We were circling round and round, exactly as a dog does before he decides it’s safe to lie down. Then we slowly glided down—a perfect trip topped by a perfect landing!

Out frisked the French poodle—at home once more. But this was something else again. That we could be picked up and in a few hours set down in so totally different an atmosphere seemed incredible.

The air was filled with hands and French accents, not to mention luggage and French poodle! Passports and baggage were given a cursory investigation and we climbed into a taxi and headed for town.

Cobblestones—yes, indeed! But they led to Paris! Who cared for a few bumps when each one brought us nearer “gay Paree.”

And Paris deserves a letter all its own!

## VI. So This Is Paris!

All Paris is, apparently, divided into two kinds of shops. The one has a sign which reads: "Robes, Manteaux, Chapeaux," and the other "Vins, Liqueurs, Tabac"—and if you aren't interested in either, you'd better get out and leave your room for someone who is. They'll be glad to get it, for Paris is crowded. In a way, it reminds me of home, for there is a holiday spirit in the air, a general feeling of good will that has always seemed a unique feature of Atlantic City to me. The streets are full, you are bumped and jostled, you do some bumping and jostling yourself—but everybody smiles blithely just the same.

\* \* \*

Crossing a street in Paris is an art. Traffic is terrifying. Noisy, shabby, jolting taxicabs pounce at you and—if you're lucky—go gaily on their seemingly reckless way. If they run over you—which seems highly probable—it is you who will pay the fine for having obstructed the roadway!

On all the streets, except the boulevards, the sidewalks ("footways," they call them in England), are so narrow that in order to pass, one or the other must step off. Look out for the taxis then. They seem to delight in just grazing your heel, shouting "Hola!" at the top of their voices, and careening wildly around the next corner—with a final grin aslant over their shoulder at poor you, standing on the curb while your heart is gradually sinking back into the region specially reserved for it.

Next time you let the other fellow do the stepping off the curb.

It was late afternoon when we reached Paris and so, right after dinner we strolled out to see the city—but it had apparently put up its shutters and gone to bed. The front of every shop is covered with a tin curtain that rolls down just like a window shade, so that after closing time the streets of Paris have a disappointingly blank expression. Many of the good shops don't have any windows at all—that's so enterprising Americans can't copy their models. Between every third or fourth store along all the streets you will find a doorway, lined on both sides with brass plates containing names. Through the doorway you can see a stone court, lined on three sides with three or four storied buildings. It's dark and dingy, and until you've been in several just like it, you're sure it's the wrong number. There is a doorway somewhere and a still darker, winding stair. No elevators—and the concierge doesn't sound a bit apologetic when he tells you the name you're looking for is five flights up. If there should happen to be an elevator, you use it going up—never down. They don't work that way in France.

Well, you climb and climb and climb until your knees wobble and you're so out of breath it would be hard enough to speak English—and quite impossible to attempt French. You fumble at the knob, open it, and forget everything in the charm and beauty of a real French show-room. There are filet mesh curtains at the windows with heavy wooden bead fringe, paneled walls and plain velvet carpets with mellow old furniture and beautiful tapestries. There are gaudy pillows tossed about on the floor, and odd bits of color dropped in exactly the right spots. "Madame" is seated, the models come in, and you are accorded every courtesy—whether you buy or not. If madame will come back next week—perhaps there will be other models that will please—with the sweetest of "Bon jour's," you are shown to the door.



If you buy—ah, then they all come in and assure you that it is “chic,” “charmante,” and all the rest of the adjectives, and you enjoy it even though you know it’s as much a part of the sale as the wrapping of the bundle.

There are thousands of such places, where they speak in hushed voices of this or that being a “Paquin model” or a “Jeanne Lanvin,” and then one day you find yourself in the inner sanctum of one of the biggest houses.

Here a letter of introduction is required and you are passed from hand to hand and from floor to floor until you reach the quiet little room where a model—just your size—is to show you frocks. The room I was in was round—lined with mirrors and pictures of Mary Pickford in some of their gowns. It was all in gray—velvet carpet and taffeta-draped walls, against which the colors of the models stood out strikingly.

\* \* \*

There is no uncertainty about the fashion in Paris. Waists almost to the knees, skirts almost to the floor, and sleeves—well, seeing them is believing in them! They are long, they are wide, they are colored, they are slashed—in fact, they are the making of the dress in nine cases out of ten.

There are few serges—and many crepe marocains. One in black had wide gray sleeves with blocks of black in checker-board design. A henna crepe was trimmed with great circles of wooden beads exactly to match, with bands of them around the wide drooping sleeves. Sometimes the sleeves are slashed from the shoulder to the wide cuff, sometimes they are gathered into a narrow cuff, and the whole sleeve is formed of many ribbon-like pieces of the material.

As if the skirts weren’t long enough—they are at least ankle length—there are side panels that sweep the floor, and,

as if the waist lines weren't low enough, there are wide girdles that rest on milady's hips and reach almost to her knees.

Styles are less pronounced in hats than in gowns—though both are black in nine cases out of ten. "What could be more effective," says the Parisienne, "than all black with a bit of powder and very red lips?" Rouge has gone into the discard along with hoop skirts and bustles.

There are many jet hats, some of them small, with turn back brims and long strands of the jet crossing under the chin. Others have crowns of black net and brims that are heavy with osprey, or with cascading feathers of the willow plume family—with all the smartness of a new generation.

On felt hats the Parisienne perches two little love birds—jauntily, with a saucy quirk to their tails.

With all the unexpectedness of French clothes, we find plain wraps of duvetyn, innocent of fur trimming outside, but lined with rich and beautifully patterned mole. All-fur coats are circular, swinging out from the waist, however, rather than from the shoulder. Squirrel, mink and mole were much in evidence at the races at Auteuil last Saturday, as it was a real Fall day.

"Out to the races," seemed a prodigious undertaking; in reality, it's the easiest thing in the world, for Paris believes in having things handy, and Auteuil is practically in the city. We arrived just after the first race, when the crowds were streaming over to the little booths to place their bets on the next one. There are different places for the different amounts, varying from ten francs to a hundred, and then there are men all about shouting and creating the excitement of a miniature stock exchange. The bell rings, back they all flock, only to surge away again at the end of the race. It isn't only the smart folk who are betting, that's the odd part. Here you'll see a shabby old woman counting out a few of

those grubby, dirty one franc notes. Yonder will be an old man, who is wearing a near relation to overalls, cashing in a slip and dancing on tip-toe from excitement.

Or here may be a stupid American who won—and didn't know it. With a flourish I placed ten francs on a long, lean, lank horse who never appeared at the end of the race at all—in fact, I noticed that he didn't even start, but for some inexplicable reason I got twenty francs back, not to mention furnishing everybody with a good laugh. They couldn't see why I was surprised; I couldn't understand why I got twenty francs just because my horse was of the same stable as the winner. Anyway, I won!

\* \* \*

Buying in a department store in Paris is a revelation. There are no buzzing little carriers whirring along with change. Instead, you make your purchases and hand your money to the clerk. She shakes her head determinedly, starts from behind the counter and indicates that you are to follow. Around the corner you go, and along the aisle until you come to a little cage where one of the busiest men in Paris is sitting. Remember—this is a big store—in a big city—and then think of your surprise when the clerk presents the check to the cashier, you give him your money and there, before your very eyes, he enters it in a ledger! (At the end of the day his bookkeeping is all done.) Then he makes the change from a little money drawer, and you follow your clerk around to another counter where the wrapping is done. She then bids you a smiling good-morning—and your purchase is consummated.

\* \* \*

No wonder Marie Antoinette started a dairy farm. I would, too, if I had to drink French coffee much longer. You get a little pot of coffee and a mammoth pitcher of skim milk—and then you sit and long for Child's.

Dogs are a very important factor in French life. You see them everywhere. They are seated in state in all the restaurants, and the other day when I went to the hair dresser, there sat a girl having her hair shampooed—with a dog curled up in her arms.

There are myriads of fascinating dog shops, with furry collars, rain-coats, blankets with pockets and handkerchiefs, cunning little rubbers in sets of four, beautifully upholstered baskets and sets of dishes with such appropriate inscriptions as: "He loves in silence"; "Love me, love my dog." Here in Paris there are more shops for women; in London there were more for men.

\* \* \*

It's amazing to notice how few people in Paris wear glasses. I don't believe one in a hundred does—and I've been watching ever since I first discovered it.

\* \* \*

French women are wearing their hair plain, bobbed on the sides and coiled very low on the neck. Few of them have it bobbed all around. Sometimes it is parted in the middle and drawn down tightly; again it is brushed back—but you almost never see a marcel. In the evening there are bandeaux of gold or silver leaves, or more elaborate head-dresses of jet with dangles at the side simulating ear-rings.

\* \* \*

Ear-rings—they may be long, or they may be round, but they are invariably black or Oriental in coloring, and they're always daringly large. When she wears ear-rings, the Parisienne boldly slicks her hair behind her ears—just to prove that she still has them!

\* \* \*

If Mr. Perkins could see the French women coming home from market with their bread under their arms! Every time I see them I think of his bread-wrapping machine

which wraps and seals so antiseptically and hygienically. Here, they waddle home with a yard of two of twisted bread under their arms—or dragging along the ground if a child happens to be carrying it. And still they live!

\* \* \*

We are famous.

On the back drop of the curtain in the Folies Bergere is a sign which reads "Direction Atlantic City." I have the information on the best authority. You see, no good American misses the Folies. We want to be able to assure Ziegfeld that they have nothing on him—and, incidentally, very little on themselves.

\* \* \*

There is one consolation about the food—almost everything you order in France is bound to be good. The best way is to look carefully over the long and complicated menu, then choose the four tables nearest you, count them out by the "eeny, meeny, meiny mo" method and when you've found which one is "it," call the waiter and point to that person's plate. Be sure to point in French, and the result will be all you had hoped for—and more.

This method assures a varied menu and obviates the possibility of ordering four things and discovering that they're all soup.

\* \* \*

When you go to a railroad station in France you'll find that their time is reckoned from one to twenty-four o'clock. If you leave Paris at eight in the morning, you arrive in Geneva at half past twenty o'clock.

\* \* \*

Paris shops, almost without exception, close at mid-day from twelve to two, and apparently everybody in the city

goes strolling on the Grande Boulevard, or sips an "apertif" at one of the little tables along the street in front of the cafes.

\* \* \*

We started for the catacombs and stopped to ask the direction of a very polite gendarme. In my best and most fluent French, accompanied by the necessary pointings and motions, I made the inquiry. To my utter surprise his face lighted up at once. Eureka! He understood me. My French wasn't so bad after all. Two to the right, one to the left—and then down. I led the way in triumph, hardly able to suppress a slightly superior attitude toward the family—who followed obediently. What would they have done without me? One more turn and we'd be there. I felt for the candle and matches that all the guide-books tell you to provide yourself with when going for a trip through the catacombs. We rounded the corner, and there we were—at a subway entrance!

\* \* \*

Versailles, Malmaison, the Champs Elysees, Notre Dame, les Invalides—and all of the unchanging glories of Paris, I have blithely omitted. Not that I minimize their value or beauty, but simply because you've heard of them from all the writers of the ages, and I've just tried to give you a little taste of the Paris of today—with some of the personal incidents that will always typify "Paris" to me.

## VII. Rheims and Memories

Even though I'd read about the Marne and how the Germans came to Paris, I didn't realize that you'd drop right into the war country so soon after leaving the gates of the city. Yes, there still are gates, and what is more, you have to stop whenever you go through them. On the way out, if you're motoring, they measure your gasoline—and when you come back you aren't allowed to bring in any more than you took out; that is, not without paying a tax of a franc a gallon. With "gas" at nine francs (63 cents) motoring is an expensive luxury reserved for the rich—or for the long suffering tourist.

\* \* \*

The experience is too recent for me to say "we spun along"—we didn't! I remember quite distinctly that we bumped along, but even at that it was amazingly soon after we left Paris that our guide stopped the machine and showed us the monument which stands at "La Chapelle en Serval," the nearest point to Paris, on the Aisne, which the Germans reached on that memorable September 2, 1914. We were eagerly looking for bullet holes by that time—though by the next night we wouldn't bother to look at anything that wasn't quite in ruins.

By the time we reached Senlis we were seeing real ruins and beginning to hear the names of American divisions. Through Crepy-en-Valois, which was headquarters for the Second Division, and on to Villiers Cotterets, we went. In the Villiers Cotterets wood we saw the first of the stones which mark the spot of each American attack. They are



**Looking down on the American National Cemetery at Belleau, showing, at the right, the stone marking an American attack**





three or four feet high and have a star carved on the top, with the name of the attacking division and the date. This one said: "Second Division, July, 1918"—and there was a majesty about the rough simplicity of the mark that was more affecting than a marble monument could have been.

It was the same with the American Cemetery at Ploisy, where nearly two thousand of our boys are buried beneath plain little white crosses, with one glorious American flag floating above them all.

\* \* \*

Soissons is almost as much damaged as Rheims, but since their cathedral was less celebrated, it is less mourned. I had heard that the feeling against the Germans had quite disappeared, but at the Church of St. Jean des Vignes—a monastery already badly damaged by the war of 1870, and practically demolished now, we found an old woman who went off like a sky-rocket at the first mention of "les Boches," and was still talking and gesticulating when we left.

She insisted that what was left of the building had been condemned and would fall on our heads, until we gave her a franc or two—whereupon she was equally sure that all would be well. I was a bit undecided myself. The walls looked wobbly; the facade towered in the air without any apparent reason for standing there. Just inside the door—or the place where the door should have been, stood a dilapidated tank. Somehow it seemed conscious that it wasn't in quite the right surroundings. I felt a little sorry for it.

Just outside Soissons we came upon some brand new houses—two-family ones with square corners and shiny windows. This was an American village built with money donated by a Philadelphia woman. Our guide told us that

she had come over the week before to see her town, and he had taken her out there. The pitiful gratitude of the French peasants, who might have been homeless were it not for her, quite answered the question of whether they like the homes that are being built for them. They turned out "en masse," took turns kissing her hand, and greeted her as the patron saint of the town.

\* \* \*

At Bucy le Long we saw "strafe England" still chalked up on one of the houses.

\* \* \*

We followed a tiny road along the Aisne. It was hard to realize that we were just between the German and French lines—that a few feet on one side of the road or the other meant such a difference. There were few signs of the fighting that had taken place. Trenches have been filled in, barbed wire removed, grass has grown up, the fields are bearing crops and the trees have been either cut down or have blossomed again. There is nothing depressing about this section of the battlefields. Like busy little ants the people have built up again the homes and farms destroyed in the war.

Once in a while a dug-out, or a group of dead trees standing out against the sky on some far-off hilltop will give a bit of war atmosphere, but most of it must be built up in one's mind.

\* \* \*

Nestling under the very edge of the Chemin des Dames—that long ridge taken and retaken eighteen times during the war—we saw the first Italian cemetery. The crosses are gray, and theirs are said to be the best kept cemeteries of them all. Of course, they haven't so many to take care of, but they are beautiful.

The graves of the Germans are marked with black crosses, the French and English with smaller white ones, and the Jewish graves are marked with stars instead of crosses.

\* \* \*

Village after village we passed as we neared Rheims—each apparently more shattered than the last. Luckily the houses were of stone, and all the debris has been collected into neat and orderly piles ready for the process of rebuilding. Some few houses are completed, others are slowly going up, some have not been started and a few have been allowed to remain just as they were. The furniture has all been taken out, however; only once or twice did we see any, and then they were iron beds caught high up on some stark and barren walls.

In spite of all this, however, there is no atmosphere of hopelessness or depression. The people seem to be busy, contented and oblivious to the ever-present reminders of the past. There are fat cats and round-faced children, and a general air of thrift that bespeaks the courage and the quiet determination of the French people.

\* \* \*

We spent the night at Rheims at a terrifically new hotel—and looked out our window at nothing but ruins for blocks and blocks. The whole energy of the town must have been concentrated on this one building and the cathedral—not much else has been rebuilt.

We walked through the dark little streets in the evening, were told we could go to the “cinema” if we wished—but decided in favor of an early-to-bed program instead. All the little stores were closed for the night, but about the doors

they had grouped what they must have considered their choicest models so that at each shop we peeked into we were greeted by this ghostly group of wax figures.

Here, too, there was an "up-and-coming" air. Of course, they couldn't just sit and stare at the ruins, and yet somehow that's what you expect. Instead, they trudge along, perhaps not so gaily as before the war, but bravely enough.

\* \* \*

The cathedral has been repaired a little, and is now completely surrounded with souvenirs—enough to supply all tourists for years to come. The statue of Joan of Arc, which was removed during the war, has been replaced and stands directly in front of the cathedral.

For blocks in every direction around the cathedral the town is flat to the ground, for it was here that the German firing was concentrated. It is simply smashed to bits, and the miraculous thing is that any of the cathedral itself still stands.

From Fort Pompelle, which was held by less than six hundred men during the whole war—except seven days—and which was under constant fire, we could see Rheims and also Fort Brimont, the German stronghold, from which the Rheims shelling was conducted. This was flat, desolate country, but the fort itself looks like a great hill now, so much earth was piled up on it by the shells which fell there during the war.

It was almost as high as Berry au Bac, a town mined by the Germans before they evacuated it, and blown up as soon as the French rushed in—a loss of 1000 lives. That looks like a mountain—and then on the other side is the deep hole from which all the earth was blown.

We lunched at Chateau Thierry on the way back. The little town near Soissons and a tiny house at Chateau Thierry were the two tangible evidences I saw of the practical help which America is giving France in her brave struggle for reconstruction.

Our guide had told us there was an American museum at Chateau Thierry. There was—but it was only the least important feature of a splendid American achievement.

If you knew Chateau Thierry before the war and, remembering the Elephant Hotel, went back to find it, you would discover the stars and stripes floating over the door, a bas relief of a real American boy at the side, and across the top of the building the words: "Methodist Memorial." Here, under Dr. Julien S. Wadsworth, seven workers are quietly and earnestly doing what they can to lighten the post-war burden of the people of the town.

It was Sunday and so we had not the opportunity of seeing everything in working order—for this is a "creche" or day nursery, where the mothers who must go out and work can leave their babies. Rows of tiny beds were there ready for the next day's crop of babies, there were facilities for bathing, weighing, feeding and doctoring the children, and a play-room for them. Besides this feature, there is a little theatre, and the French people, in whom the dramatic instinct is very strong, have as many as six or seven plays in rehearsal at once. They love it.

On Sunday at 3.30 a cinema is shown and by half-past twelve the children are already clamoring at the door, though it doesn't open until three.

Downstairs is the museum, which consists mostly of things brought in by the people of the town themselves. They are proud of their big German gun, of a portion of

Quentin Roosevelt's plane and a picture of him given them by Mrs. Roosevelt; of pictures of many of the commanders who fought around Chateau Thierry, with personal accounts of their battles; but mostly they are proud of the people who come to them for help. They were so distressed because it was Sunday and they had no babies for us to see. They assured me there are many thin-faced mites with poverty-stricken mothers, even though I had seen plump ones.

There is a genial cordiality about the reception of Americans in this little "service corner" that warmed our hearts and made us proud of the gentle, kindly man, who, with his wife, niece and their helpers, are doing so real a bit of help for France—and for America.

As we went out we passed another of their treasures—a pre-war statue by Jacopin, who is a native of Chateau Thierry. He it was who carved the bas relief for the front of the building—and he had a real American for a model, too. No Frenchman in an American uniform! No, indeed. Tony Jordan, of Bridgeport, Conn., was detailed for three weeks to pose for the artist, and the result is all that could be desired—a real American figure.

So we left them, waving a cheery farewell from the doorway then turning back to prepare for the cinema showing in the afternoon.

Meeting such staunch, splendid Americans was one of the nicest things I found in France.

\* \* \*

At Chamery we saw the memorial fountain erected by the town to the memory of Quentin Roosevelt. It is marked with his name and the inscription: "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die."



**"He has outsoared the shadow of our night"—so reads the stone that marks the grave of Quentin Roosevelt**



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The spot on which he fell and where he is buried is high upon a hill. Rolling fields stretch in every direction and there, on the crest, is the tiny enclosure with its flat marble slab. The aviator's wings are carved at the top, then his name, dates and the few words: "He has outsoared the shadow of our night." A brass tablet, a few feet away, marks the spot where he fell.

\* \* \*

The Marne seems strangely small to have played so large a part in the military manoeuvres of the war. It is narrow, winding and very beautiful. It seemed hard to realize just what an important strategic point it was. As you walked along the curious little streets of Chateau Thierry you'd see quaint little wooden signs with a finger pointing, and the words: "To the Marne."

And gradually we left the ruins behind us. At the end of the second day we were back in Paris. By that time we were used to the bumps. The roads, like the coffee, seem to improve as you go along. Which only goes to prove that you can get used to anything.

## VIII. On Top of the World

I went from Paris into Switzerland with all sorts of misgivings about traveling conditions, regretting the fact that I had no steamer rug to protect me against the cold trains, longing for the luxury of an American parlor car—only to find, between Paris and Geneva, comfort never dreamed of in America. A little compartment of our own; heat regulated to our wishes; curtains to draw if we wished to take a quiet nap en route; and the twelve hours passed in a jiffy.

Geneva is so near to France, and yet so different. It is modern, it is prosperous, it is comfortable, it is busily efficient and neatly kept. In some ways it is reminiscent of England—with its hedges and well-groomed country side. In many respects it is like America—nearer than any other city we'd been in—with its hustle-bustle, its wide paved streets and its general air of prosperity. The noon-time siesta holds good in Switzerland, seeming a bit out of place, however, and always surprising you when you find in gold letters on a window: "Closed from noon until two o'clock."

The lake is plumped right in the middle of the town, and beyond lies the Saleve, with Mont Blanc peeping over its shoulder on a clear day.

A short motor trip brings you to Ferney, where Voltaire's castle is located. We decided not to wait over to see it, however, as the sign read: "Castle not open this year." It's a ride of about fifteen minutes from Geneva, yet you must go armed with passports, for there is a frontier to cross. You can scarcely go to walk in Switzer-

land without your passport, for any minute you're likely to step over into some other country.

How quite unlike anything else we've seen, Switzerland is! Just imagine lots of green grass with cuckoo clock houses set down all 'round, funny little wooden affairs with quaint carved balconies and overhanging roofs. Their color betrays their age. There are the very new ones—light and woody looking; then there are the beautiful old ones, weathered to a mellow brown.

Stop a minute and listen to those chimes. Is some one playing a trick on a nearby church sexton, and ringing all the bells at once? No indeed. That jangling, yet melodious tinkling, comes from a herd of cows yonder, each one with its bell tuned to a different—yet a blending pitch. The bells are different shapes, some as large as sauce pans and round; others long and narrow—but all hung on great wide leather collars that look like belts. There is an incessant tinkle, yet a pleasantly harmonious one.

Back to Geneva to a narrow little street, not wide enough for your machine to turn around in—so you get out and walk down, and there on the front of a tall, narrow, rickety house you read the dates of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and know that this was where he was born.

\* \* \*

You may take the electric cog railway to Treize Arbres, the topmost station of La Saleve, and climb from there to the very summit, where the Boy Scouts hold sway in a tiny round house that used to be an observatory.

It's disappointing to climb 'way to the top—as we did—and be greeted by a drenching rain that made it impossible to see each other, much less the Alps and Mont Blanc, but it was a novel experience to find shelter with the Swiss scouts, who must have counted for their good deed that

day the warming and "tea-ing" of three very breathless, very wet Americans.

At the other end of Lake Geneva lies Montreux. I arrived at night, by train—the steamers only run in the Summer—and went right to my room. With becoming modesty I looked for the curtains to pull down, found there weren't any, and let it go at that, yet wondering now and then who the next door neighbors were. When I turned out the light and opened the long French windows, I found there weren't any next door neighbors, for the hotel was tottering on the very edge of the lake. High, high up in the sky there was a glowing moon, making a path across the water to my very window, and directly opposite, rising sheer and steep from the water were great towering snow-capped mountains. It fairly took my breath away, and though it was icy cold—we were having real Winter now—I stepped out on my little balcony and wished fervently for everyone I knew. The nearest thing to it I can think of is those final moonlight pictures Burton Holmes always uses in his travelogues.

It had snowed all the way from Geneva to Montreux, oddly enough, with the moon shining quite brightly over head. Winter came suddenly—but surely. All along the way tall flowers, something like our dahlias, drooped under the weight of a snow that caught them still in bloom. The next morning snow still glistened on the evergreens and showed up sparkingly on the vari-colored leaves of the other trees that had turned to gorgeous Autumn tints but were apparently waiting for snow as a good excuse to fall off.

It was cold but very clear, and by nine o'clock I was pounding at the gate of the Castle of Chillon, a massive, round-towered heap of stone rising from the waters of Lake Geneva, not far from Montreux.

And, by good luck, I managed to get in. It's the most romantic and fascinating thing I've seen since we left Stratford. There are quaint courtyards with gabled roofs, and casement windows, with geraniums blooming despite the snow; huge rooms hewn out of solid stone; wonderful beamed ceilings from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; windows with gorgeous vistas of lake and mountains; carved tables and chests by the dozens—which would make an antique collector tear his hair; dark dungeons with the instruments of torture still in working order; Lord Byron and Victor Hugo's autographs carved on a stone pillar; a carved stone chapel, where they still hold services once a month; the turrets with their ramshackle weapons of defense and their peep-holes, through which you can see the moat and the surrounding wall; fire places big enough to house a whole family—a million memories and associations!

Once seen, the Castle of Chillon can never be forgotten.

\* \* \*

For five hours we traveled over, through, under, around and between mountains so high that you could understand the man who said he looked as far as he could and then got a friend to look the rest of the way for him. The wonder of it is how they ever built the railroad or found flat spots enough for the tiny houses that snuggle on the sides of the mountains, or nestle in clusters at the foot of them.

Up, up, up we went, climbing slowly but steadily. There are many tunnels and frequent stops. No need for books or magazines on this trip. You spend your time running between the door and window—fairly gasping at the wondrous scenes that unfold continuously along the way. I was in the last coach—and the only passenger, so I boldly stepped on to the back platform and took pictures.

You don't get lonesome—the conductor comes through too often for that. He carries a regular suitcase slung over his shoulder—if you get twenty dollars changed you have to cart it away in a wagon. Don't ask him what time his train gets in—for he doesn't know. I made the mistake, and subjected him to no little embarrassment. I thought he was going to appeal to the engineer or the president of the road for help. He looked blank—they do that wonderfully well over here—made an absurd guess, then disappeared and returned with a book that looked like Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. He finally found it—and I discovered later that even that was wrong!

There is no shouting "All Aboard" over here. Punctually—to the second—the train pulls out, but you're always a bit uneasy for fear it's not the right one. It would help such a lot to hear a uniformed man shout "All aboard for Interlaken." I always ask a porter or two, each individual passenger who gets on, and then hold my breath until the man comes through and punches my ticket. At first you are conscious of no warning when the train is about to start, but after you've traveled a day or two, you discover that what you thought was the bell of a friendly cow, followed by a blast of a postman's whistle, is really the starting signal.

And so—in a snowstorm that made me feel like the heroine of "Lost in the Alps," I reach Interlaken.

\* \* \*

When you've reached Interlaken you're in German Switzerland. Someone must wave a wand and mumble "Abacadabra" somewhere en route, for suddenly you're seeing "Wartsaal," "Ausgang" and "Verboten" on the station platforms, the people look Teutonic, and the passengers are speaking German.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation

$$f(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$$

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$$J(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$$





**The Aiger—one of Switzerland's  
sky-scrapers**

Interlaken had curled up for its long Winter's nap, but blinked an eye sleepily for my benefit. It was only as a starting point for Grindelwald that I stopped there, anyway. Grindelwald, in the heart of the Winter sports country, and in the shadow of the Wetterhorn!

\* \* \*

The little electric train had climbed for an hour and a half, coming nearer and nearer two gigantic peaks that I found out later were the Eiger and Wetterhorn. Just when I was sure we should bump their shins if we went any farther, the train stopped, and out we got.

A sleigh, containing a shaggy bearskin rug, was waiting for me. I clambered in, and off we trotted, with bells jangling, up the snowy path that led to the glaciers.

The snow was deep, and yet it wasn't cold. The combination of a brilliant sun and absolutely no wind assured comfort during the climb to the glaciers. We saw them both—great tongues of ice creeping slowly down between the mountains—the upper one moving forward about eight inches a day.

And when we could go no farther in the sleigh we got out and walked through a snowy passage with arched roof formed of the branches of the heavily laden trees. We were bound for the ice grotto—and when I first saw it I thought my impressions of it would have to be long distance ones. An ice-covered ladder led to it—and below was a dizzying vista of terrible depth. However, I grabbed the guide's hand, kept my eyes and mind turned heavenward, and got safely up and into the passageway cut from solid ice. Strangely enough, it seemed warm inside, and you had to keep reminding yourself that you really were sneaking

along inside the glacier. The ice walls were as blue as the sky on a clear Summer's day—getting whiter as the snow on top becomes deeper later in the Winter.

So we turned and came out, and drove down the mountain again past children on skis and on single-runner sleds built like our kiddie carts, until we came to the station and climbed into the train for Interlaken.

My last view of the Wetterhorn was of its snowy peaks turned rosy by the rays of the sun, which had sunk out of our sight, and yet was still kindling the summit into fiery beauty, while high in the heavens, just around the Aiger, the moon showed up in a golden glow.

I think it was Victor Hugo who confessed the Alpine sunset was far beyond his descriptive powers. I should be brash, indeed, to attempt it—you don't see it, anyway, you *feel* it, and you realize you'll never be able to make anyone else appreciate the majesty of the scene.

\* \* \*

The Swiss hotel keeper must be a linguist of no mean ability. Why, over here, you have to speak at least four languages to qualify as a porter! Our friendly host at Interlaken said that English and American tourists lead, then come Dutch and then South Americans.

There were only four parties there while I was, yet one was from New Zealand, one from Japan, one from Portugal and one from America. We almost called an International Conference of our own.

\* \* \*

There's no worrying over how soon our letters start on their way, over here. Just to make sure, you can run out yourself and post them in the letter box, which is attached to the mail car on the trains. Just as the train is

about to start you may see a breathless woman run along, shove her letter in the box and smile contentedly in the knowledge that her message is already on its way.

\* \* \*

Lucerne is a busy little city—clean, enterprising and ambitious, with lots to recommend it beside its lion. He, by the way, is hibernating behind a high board fence, which Lucerne builds around him for the Winter season. You can see the size, however, from the fence, and if you're not already familiar with the statue you will be before you've been in Lucerne long. They have it in milk chocolate, on pen knives, paperweights and a thousand other things, until you feel like a modern Daniel every time you walk into a shop here. I always pictured the statue at one corner of Lake Lucerne itself; instead, it is in the center of the town, and the lake that divides it from the curious public is a little twenty by twenty affair all of its own. A search-light is strung up in the trees and plays upon the lion at night—during the Summer.

All these details help to construct a mental picture and work up an enthusiasm scarcely inspired by a glance across a stagnant little pool at what looks like a bill posting board fastened to a flat rock.

\* \* \*

This is not a concealed ad—but I must remark the ubiquitous Singer sewing machine shops. They are in every town, and I'm getting so I tip my hat now to the tireless little old lady who pedals a domestic machine all through Europe.

\* \* \*

Dense fog in Lucerne; brilliantly clear at the Rigi—a mile above! Here is a scene quite different but quite as beautiful, in its own way, as that at Grindelwald. This

time we were on a level with the tops of the mountains, could see dozens—almost hundreds of them on all sides, billowing and pointing toward the sky. So democratic they were—all on the same level, with none of the sense of smallness inspired by the Wetterhorn and Eiger. Here a mite of humanity was quite equal to the mightiest of the mountains—indeed, he might stand on the tip top peak and look down on them all.

Down we came through the fog and found it had been dull and gray all day in Lucerne.

\* \* \*

There are two old bridges across Lake Lucerne dating from the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, quaint covered affairs with gothic roofs and round towers. Inside, every few feet, you find delightfully fantastic old pictures illustrating the Dance of Death and whatnot.

As you stand, fascinated by the queer old things, the natives scuttle by quite unmindful of the bridge—bent only on reaching the other side—a bit amused at you.

And even so we laugh at Reuben for standing, crook-necked, gaping at the top of the Woolworth Building!

When I get back home I'm going to take an "Amusements" and see Atlantic City from the tourists point of view.

## IX. Beyond the Alps

The transition from Switzerland to Italy is made at Lugano, which has all the characteristics of the latter and belongs, geographically, to the former. Over the famous Saint Gothard railway I went from Lucerne by a series of climbs and tunnels—one so long that we were starting the meat course when we went into it, and drinking after dinner coffee when we came out—until we came to Lugano. Even there the railroad makes no attempt to descend from the heights, along which it has rambled, but prefers rather to let you take a funicular railroad down to the town—another village dotted on the edge of a lake.

I no sooner got down than I wanted to go up again—this time to ascend San Salvatore—Lugano's prize mountain. In all the playing around Switzerland I'd done, we had climbed gradually—tacked, as it were, up the grades, but here at Lugano we went straight up into the air for about 2000 feet—up so steep a track that you expected the little car to do a back flip any minute—and reached the summit just in time for the sunset. Through the big telescope that crowned the summit you could see the distant mountains, the setting sun and, gradually, the twinkling lights of Lugano. The moon came up, brilliant and sparkling across the lake. No more snow, and what little breeze there was, was balmy and soft. I missed the snowy mountains—those great peaks that made me feel as if I had grown small—like Alice in Wonderland—and was totally surrounded by gigantic dishes of vanilla ice cream. I had

passed from Winter to Spring, for in Italy I found weather corresponding to our June—when the weather man is in a good humor.

\* \* \*

No wonder there is so much travel in Europe. Who could withstand the lure of the splashing, dashing, vivid posters that fringe the station walls? You are tempted to go on and on, for while, in America, the idea is to present the charms of the town one is in as transcending those of all others in the States, here they are more apt to boost the one just beyond. That may be because it's railroad advertising, but it's a wonderful incentive to the jaded traveler. Starting from Paris you couldn't stop short of Switzerland, with those glorious lithographs of soaring ski-ers and monstrous mountains before you; and once in Switzerland, you must be strong minded indeed to resist the impulse to change your American dollars into a suitcase full of Italian lires and start in search of the tropical blue and gold Amalfi Coast of Sunny Italy, pictured outside the snow-covered little stations in the Alps.

I wasn't strong minded!

\* \* \*

The same brilliant moon that shone in my window when I went to bed was still on duty when my train left Lugano the next morning at six-twenty. It's the early bird that catches the train—over here. All of the best trains leave at just about the minute when, at home, you turn over in bed, sigh as you hear the milk bottles clink down on the pavement, and roll over for another third of a night's sleep.

By the time the average working-man is swinging his lunch-pail on his arm and starting for work, we were at the border. Such jaunty Italians do the customs policing,

with their short, circular capes and their hats turned up on one side with a feather stuck in them! They are aided and abetted by Napoleonic figures with hats turned up in front, surmounted by red and silver medallions.

I saw more soldiers in Italy than anywhere else in Europe. There were groups of them at every station—whether as a prevention or cure I don't know. All I can say is that, despite the stories of strikes, pickpockets and traveling discomforts in Italy, I found everything quite normal and comfortable. The diners might have been a bit better, but I can't see how the other travelers needed meals anyway. At every station the entire train is apparently emptied and in a few minutes everybody climbs back with arms full of paper bags. From then until the next station is reached you witness the total destruction of a succession of sandwiches and fruit that is positively staggering, and the last munching has scarcely ceased when another station is reached and the foraging expedition starts out with renewed vigor. Sometimes, at the larger stations, a wagon is wheeled out with sandwiches and enough wine to float the whole train. When you're traveling in the evening, you'll find a man selling pillows, in paper bags, for a couple of lire each—which means about eight cents.

\* \* \*

If you're traveling for five or six hours, and start in the morning, a uniformed man will open the door of your little compartment about ten o'clock and ask if you want luncheon. If you say "Yes," and it's your first experience, his next question will be a puzzler. "First or second?" You may think he means which class, or you may be quite at sea about the proper answer, but you probably take a chance and say: "First," whereupon he scribbles on a slip of paper, and hands you something that might be a laundry check or a transfer.



Nothing more happens until about twelve o'clock, when your inquisitor sticks his head in the door again and says something in the immortal language of the subway guards in New York. Lest you wonder about it as long as I did, I'll give you the answer at once. There are a limited number of seats in the diner, of course, and to avoid congestion and the long queues that stretch for car after car in the States, waiting for seats, each one is assigned to a certain place at a certain table, nad you have your choice of the first or second seating. Not a bad idea, is it?

Something like the buses in Paris. At the street corner you often see a pad of little slips of paper attached to the telegraph post. As each person comes to wait for the bus he pulls off one of the slips, which are numbered in rotation—and the first to arrive is the first to board the bus. Not bad either. The same thing happens when you go to a shoe store. It's actually "First come, first served"—fairness itself!

\* \* \*

With just a few hours' stay in Milan—time enough for the cathedral and the church where Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is to be seen, I hurried on to Venice. As we crossed the long railroad bridge, with the lights of Venice twinkling in the distance (I took everybody's advice and arrived at night), it seemed that I must be crossing the boulevard, and that those were the Boardwalk lights I was seeing. I soon realized my error, for once out of the train we were in a world quite new and fascinatingly strange. The taxis were drawn up before the station—yes, there they were, actually rows and rows of gondolas waiting for the arriving guests. I couldn't help feeling that just around the corner lurked a covey of Fords, which would swoop down in a moment and assure us that they could make the

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**The pigeons of St. Mark's are strangely akin to human beings—they hang around anyone who will feed them!**

hotel in half the time the boats could—but no Fords appeared, and I began to realize that there really was no other way to go. Not that I wanted one—why, I'd been waiting all my life to ride in a gondola.

In went my baggage first, and I after it. You remember the moon I spoke of at Lugano—well, it followed me to Venice and chaperoned me through a forty-minute ride to the hotel. From the wide canal we branched into narrow ones, slipping around the corners with a marvelous dexterity of manipulation accompanied by a quiet little “Hoo-ey! Hoo-ey!” which is the gondolier's way of warning oncoming traffic. You see they have no traffic cops!

\* \* \*

The next morning I knew why they'd urged me to arrive in Venice at night. The whole town looks as though it had been sunburned somewhere back in the dark ages—and then had peeled. It is dirty, and if you lacked a first course for dinner, I'm sure you could get away with serving a bowl of the Grand Canal itself—but somehow you forget all that as you lie back in a gondola and look at the blue, blue sky and listen to the quiet flap-flap of the water under the steady stroke of the picturesque creature who is furnishing the power. He probably has a long, drooping mustache, is called “Pietro,” and will dwell convincingly upon the charms of his eleven children—just before you give him his tip. He knows what you're looking for in Venice, however, and if it's the “off season,” he'll scout around until he finds some serenaders for you to listen to—in the moonlight. There they were—five of them in a great flat boat, four men with mandolins and guitars, and a girl with a voice that trilled clearly and sweetly in spite of all the best professors' theories about what singing in the open does to one's throat.

There really isn't so much sight-seeing to be done in Venice, and you're willing to dispense with it quickly in order to float lazily about again in a gondola. There's all Southern Italy, with its art treasures before you, so you go to St. Mark's, "do" the square, including the Dogges' Palace and the Campagnile, wander about a bit among the narrow, crooked streets and innumerable little bridges that connect the back doors of Venice, and then you hire another gondola and ride until your train leaves.

Bombing during the war hasn't frightened away the pigeons of St. Mark's. Their friendliness has been capitalized by a group of photographers, who rush up to you as soon as you are totally surrounded by birds—and, of course, you fall for playing the principal part in a "Feathered Friends" masterpiece for the family album.

On the principal waterways you may go for a bus ride if you wish. You will wait in little square house-boat sort of stations, and pretty soon along chugs a motor boat. On you get, and off you go. At the rush hour they have their quota of strap-hangers. As far as I can see the "water-buses" obviate the necessity of swimming home from work, if you're not rich enough to afford a gondola of your own.

Before each of the houses—they call all of them "palaces"—of the more prosperous Venetians, you will find moored a smart little motor boat with a limousine top and a chauffeur sitting out in the front, while on the other side of the steps there will probably be a beautifully carved gondola for more leisurely excursions.

I never realized that this wasn't all some game the Venetians were playing, and that I wouldn't turn the next corner and find a regular "streeted" city. Even when I'd see the meat boats and grocery boats calling at the doors, or a moving-van boat trundling up the canal with its load

of household furniture balanced precariously in the middle, I felt that it was all done to preserve the picturesque atmosphere. As usual, my train left at about six and when I found it was necessary to allow an hour to get to the station—that there just wasn't any other way to go—well, at five that morning as I rode along with the milk-boats I was actually convinced that it wasn't a game, but a serious business, this question of how to get about in Venice.

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Florence—down below—isn't a beautiful city. That is, down in the center of things as opposed to the heights, where the beautiful residences of the Florentine idle-rich are found. But in the city, the *insides* of the buildings are what really matter. To think that you can wander for hours and hours through the Uffizzi Gallery and through the long, winding corridor to the Pitti Palace, and go through room after room, and see nothing but original masterpieces! I kept thinking "I wonder where the original of this is," and then shaking myself into the realization that this very thing I was looking at was *it*!

Almost more interesting than the galleries, to me, was the little museum of San Marco, the old monastery, where both Savonarola and Fra Angelico had lived. Since the war, all of Fra Angelico's pictures have been taken from the other galleries in Florence and put there, where they were originally conceived and executed. There are rows of monks' cells, each adorned with some picture by Fra Angelico; there is the bench upon which Savonarola was sitting when he was arrested; there is Savonarola's room, with his chair and desk exactly as he used them, and with some manuscripts written by him. Downstairs there are beautiful books as big as suit cases, each page lettered exquisitely and illuminated with delicately painted pictures that are wonderfully drawn and colored.

Who can hope to do justice to Florence in a page or two, any more than you can hope to see it in a day or two—and that was all the time I spent there. As I close my eyes and think of it, I see a bewildering succession of wonderful pictures; the front of the hospital, where the terra cotta babies, carved by Della Robbia, stand out in charming relief against the simple facade of the building; the plain little house, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived, and the unpretentious palace, where the Empress Eugenie spent her last years; a little round stone tablet that marks the spot on which Savonarola was burned to death; a little park high up on the side of a hill, from which you can see all Florence; a shady path in the corner of a monastery cloister, where Fra Angelico used to wander; the tomb of the Medici, with the hundreds of kinds of marble and the massive dome, which they built with the idea of its being worthy to serve as a tomb for the body of Christ; the long, narrow corridor connecting the Pitti Palace with the Uffizzi Gallery—built by one of the Medici so that he would not have to go outside to go from one to the other (he didn't trust his enemies—or friends, either); and the dozens of artists who are found every day in the galleries copying the old masters. That's a little of what Florence means to me.

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I left Florence quite late in the day—almost nine o'clock in the morning! I expected to be in Rome by one, and by twelve it had settled down to a dismal rain that was enough to give you the good old American blues. With the delightful freedom of traveling quite alone, I made a hasty decision as we pulled into the very large, very modern station at Rome. Why not utilize the rainy afternoon in traveling? So three minutes later, instead of rattling over Roman pavements, I was on my way to Naples.

I don't know much about Naples. I stayed there three days, but I didn't see the town at all—it was only the peg on which I hung three glorious days: one at Pompeii, Sorrento and Amalfi; one at Capri; and one at Vesuvius. Until I reached Naples I scoffed at the idea of Italian skies or Italian water being bluer than any other. I had seen just as blue in Chicago or Atlantic City—but now I'm convinced.

After the snow and cold of Switzerland the sunny warmth of Naples—less than a week later—came with all the welcome of an early Spring. In an open machine we started for Pompeii and Amalfi the very first morning. The beauty above compensated for the beastly roads beneath. Naples had been rained on for five days, and it had washed all of the road away except the bumps. By the time we reached Pompeii I felt like one of the ruins myself—shaken to the very foundations.

We stopped at a little inn—I thought probably to re-assemble the car—but it seemed that Pompeii was just waiting in the back yard for us. I had expected to go down. Excavations at Pompeii meant digging down to me. Instead we paid admission at a little wicket and started up-hill through a beautiful tree-bordered path until we reached the town itself—looking neat and well-preserved in comparison with the recently visited battle fields (the town—not us).

The ground plan of Pompeii is quite intact. Through streets lined with tiny shops we came to the Forum, the temple of Apollo, the theatre and the houses of the more prosperous Pompeiians. Here was the house in which the blind girl, Lydia (the famous heroine of Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii") lived, and there the corner on which she bade her sweetheart farewell. There is one house restored with its beautiful little garden and a pair of bronze statues in almost perfect condition.



You can see that we haven't progressed so far in these hundreds of years, for the Pompeiians lived in almost as much comfort as we. There are still visible portions of water pipe which supplied each house; charmingly carved hot water heaters; grooves showing where sliding doors were once in place; jewelry of rare beauty and rich design; surgical instruments for every use; luxurious baths and mosaic floors and fountains everywhere.

There were wine shops, with counters that looked like fireless cookers—the holes for great jars of various kinds of wine. Yonder was the doctor's house, with its sign carved in marble: "The doctor may be seen from nine to sunset." In the stone driveways are deep ruts cut by thousands of passing carts, and on the public fountain is a smooth groove worn by the hands of those who leaned over to take a drink. Such tangible evidences of the life of a people, such personal revelations of character and manners, that even after all these years you have the sensation of peeking through a keyhole at your neighbors' intimate affairs.

In the museum there are astonishing relics of a people caught in the midst of busy lives, and of existence brought to a standstill in a second.

A fragile egg-shell; a bit of petrified bread; three human figures with faces so placid that they must have slept themselves into eternity; rings with finger-bones still inside; Herculaneum bronzes, black from the lava—Pompeiiian bronzes green from the sulphur and ashes; jewelry rich in uncut precious stones—as yet the art of stone-cutting was unknown; weights used by store-keepers—stones cut to represent the article to be weighed; all these are preserved and from them can be constructed a real image of Pompeii as it actually was.

It is easier to describe the unique features of Venice or of Pompeii than to do justice to something that fairly takes your breath away for sheer beauty, that keeps increasing in magnificence until it transcends anything you've ever dreamed of—and that is, withal, quite natural and unformed by man. All he has done is to hew out the way for the rest of us to go and marvel at that glorious work of nature—the Amalfi Coast. Leaving Pompeii, the road winds along close to the shore with Vesuvius always furnishing an artistic back-ground. A thin cloud of smoke coming from the crater—that's all that distinguishes it from any other mountain. Harmless enough it looks from that distance! Then you turn back to look at it once more, and find it has disappeared. You are cutting across now, and soon the Bay of Naples is left behind and you strike another body of water—blue, blue, blue, with tall, rocky cliffs rising from it and with a picture-sky of glorious azure. The road is cut from solid rock—a narrow ledge winding about the edge of the mountains. Sometimes it burrows through the rock with the other end of the tunnel forming a round frame through which are seen exquisite pictures of sky, rocks and water that would seem exaggerated if reproduced on canvas.

We may take luncheon at the Capucine monastery which stands out against the sky, high above the road. The ascent is a hundred and fifty steps or so, but if you wish to go up you may sit in a chair and two "huskies" will carry you.

Queer little fishing villages nestle in ledges between lofty rocks, or cling to the side of a mountain, and always the road winds on and on with break-neck turns, steep inclines and dangerous curves.

Amalfi itself has a cathedral to visit—a man-made shrine less awe-inspiring than the road recently traversed.

Going back, one may stop at Sorrento—the Sorrento of Caruso, and there at night he may see the fishermen and maids dancing the Tarentella—a hop, skip, thump and jump affair with gestures and “Hoop-la’s!” thrown in for good measure.

Back in Naples with a stiff neck that might be due to the jolts of the car or the constant looking up at the mountains—in either case, it was well worth it.

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The trip to Vesuvius is a five-hour one from Naples. In a little train that ascends gradually, we started out. Up two rather steep grades it annexes electric power and an extra engine for the climb. Half way up we stop at Cook’s Hotel, then on to a station where we transfer to a funicular cog road that goes to within a few hundred feet of the summit. There you arm yourself with a stout guide and start out and up.

You are on a mountain of lava with a little cinder-y walk ahead of you. If you look down you can see the paths which the lava has taken, if you look up you can see the smoke pouring from the top. Around you go; there is sulphur in the air and you sniff and splutter a little. The guide, thereupon, assures you it is excellent for the lungs—and on you go. You see nothing—then suddenly you turn the corner and looking over the *inside* edge you see what looks like a smaller mountain within the large one. It rises to a peak which is blazing red and spitting like a cranky carburetor. It puffs intermittently, sending out smoke like a locomotive getting up speed. If you wish, the guide will take you across a narrow ledge which is unprotected on either side, and down for a short distance into the crater to get a better view of the lava.

We went back, feeling somehow a bit chastened and with a wholesome respect for that great, slumbering monster who stirs lazily now and then to show that the surging power of destruction is just below the surface—awaiting the day when it will, with a single stroke, wipe out the labor of years and the lives of those midgets who insist on remaining in its shadow.

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There still remains—Capri! Capri, thrown like a jewel into the blue waters just beyond Naples, tempting the traveler to go just a bit farther before he turns his back on Southern Italy. Of course, you go—in the miniature steamer that rides at anchor just far enough from shore to necessitate a ride in a row boat to reach it. There is a two-hour ride across sparkling water, a short stop at Sorrento and another row-boat ride at the other end.

In Sorrento it's interesting to see the little boats that come out to meet the ship—just like the buses at the Atlantic City trains. Each has a sign with the name of a hotel on it and a boy stands in the front of the boat, holding it aloft and shouting the merits of his particular hotel. The larger the hotel—the less shouting, and the largest of all remains exclusively apart and comes to claim its victims only after the lesser lights have been disposed of.

The great attraction of Capri is the Blue Grotto, so imagine our dismay when they announced that on account of the rough weather the boat would not visit the grotto that day. If *that* boat wouldn't, another would, and soon three of us were bobbing up and down in a squatty, tubby boat manned by four husky boatmen. A tiny skiff with one oarsman followed us, and when we came within a hundred feet of the grotto they transferred us to the tiny boat—one

at a time. The entrance to the grotto was visible one moment—hidden the next, by the dashing waves. At best it was three feet high and five feet wide; at worst, it was totally covered. The old story of the camel and the needle's eye seemed easy in comparison.

"Flat in the bottom of the boat" came the order and, nothing loath, down I went. There was blue sky overhead and alternate sensations of being swung aloft and then having the chair pulled out from under you. A mighty heave, down ducked the boatman who had been standing in the front of the boat, and suddenly it was heavenly calm—and dark. A curt, "Get up" sent my head popping over the side of the boat, quickly followed by a breathless gasp. We were in a blue world; the top and sides of the grotto glistened with a blueness that was vividly startling, and the water—where was the water? In its place was silver—glittering, molten silver that lapped thickly at the boat and transmuted everything it touched into silvery grayness. The oar had become mysteriously coated with silver, and my hand, as I dipped it down, became silver, too. It's the magic of the Blue Grotto—a trick of light entering only through that tiny opening yonder—the one that seemed so small that we *couldn't* get out again—but eventually we did, though we got a free salt shower-bath in the process. Late that night I started north—to see the glory that was Rome's.

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Of course, while I was in Rome I did as the Romans do—which meant, as far as I could see, riding around in one of those ancient hacks with its still more ancient horse. In half a day—and for about half a dollar you can see a hundred or more churches, rattle along the streets of old and new Rome—there is quite a difference between the two—and roll back home with a totally different impression of Rome from the

one inspired by that engraving of the Forum that hangs on the wall of every self-respecting school-room. Rome isn't a collection of ruins, it's a real city with enough appreciation of what it formerly stood for to preserve its traditions and its ancient landmarks. The Forum is preserved in the center of old Rome exactly as a Museum. It isn't the favorite walking place of the modern Romans—it's guarded by a pay-as-you-enter turnstile—and it's completely surrounded by the Rome of today. The Colosseum, too, is quite different from the pictures. I imagined it stood lone and solitary on some Roman hill—instead, it is a friendly old monster, curled familiarly down in the midst of many other buildings.

There, actually, is where the martyred Christians were imprisoned, and yonder is the path by which the lions entered. Here was the Emperor's box, where he twiddled his thumbs and decided the fate of so many victims, up high there were the seats of the plebians—the pigeon roost, they called them because of their height.

Of course, we dropped a penny into the Trevi Fountain, for this, the Romans say, insures the traveler's return—and who doesn't wish for that, even before he has left the first time?

One of the impressive sights of modern Rome is the Victor Emanuel memorial—a colossal affair of white marble that glistens in the sun, and stands as a beautiful tribute to the grandfather of the present king. It is here that the tomb of the Italian unknown soldier is found. It was the third I had seen in Europe, and it's a question which is the most lovely: England's, in the dimly majestic western transept of Westminster Abbey; France's, within the hallowed shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, or Italy's, before the beautiful expression of a nation's loyalty to its ruler.

Of course, Rome and the Vatican all come in the same breath. You will meet at the entrance one of the picturesque Swiss guards of the Pope, in the gayly-striped costume designed, they say, by Michael Angelo. There he stands, with his quaint lance bristling—most peaceably—in his hand. Their only rivals in the costume line are the guards at the Tower of London. Perhaps you will see one of the young students who is in training to enter the guards. He is only slightly less interesting to behold than the guards themselves. In a rakish tam o'shanter, knee breeches, enormous puff sleeves with tight cuffs to the elbows, and little white Buster Brown collar, he will step rather shyly before the camera if you ask him to.

The Vatican, in its entirety, is enormous. They feed it to the public piece-meal—that is, open only a certain number of the rooms each day. When you have but one day, you're tremendously grateful that you struck the one on which the Sistine Chapel is open, for that is where the election of the Popes takes place. The treasures of the Vatican—paintings and statuary, pass before your eyes in bewildering numbers, and bye and bye you are out once more and in St. Peter's. Here you may see the place where the heads of Peter and Paul are buried, as well as the intrinsically beautiful things that make St. Peter's one of the loveliest churches in the world.

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There is the little church to visit where the actual chains that once bound Peter are kept; the one where the holy stairs—once in the palace of Pontius Pilate—are ascended (on their knees) by devout pilgrims from all over the world. There are the catacombs, just outside the city walls along the Appian way, where you are given a slender little taper that lights the way through the underground passages where



**A Swiss boy by the Vatican wall,  
in the unique costume worn by those  
in training for the important duties of  
the Pope's Guard.**





the Christians used to take refuge, and which they used as a burying ground for their martyrs. A sweet-faced monk goes with you to explain the age-old inscriptions, and to point out the bones and even the hair that remain as a gruesome reminder of "other days, other methods." The monks at the catacombs, by the way, have special cows and manufacture delicious milk chocolate, which you may carry away as a more pleasant recollection of your visit there.

With a motor ride to Tivoli, Hadrian's Villa, Villa d'Este and a visit to the temple of the Sybil, I closed the Roman chapter, not without quaking misgivings that I had skimmed too lightly over the surface, and with the realization that I hadn't even seen enough to realize how much more there was to be found there. I must go back!

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## X. "French Leave"

En route to Nice, the railroad obligingly allowed me four hours in Genoa. They were early morning ones—from six to ten, but it was quite possible to slip down the narrow winding street where a certain adventurous little boy used to play, and to stop before a tiny little two-story stone house. Even so early in the morning, the activity in that section was well launched. It was near the market place—poor, densely populated, and distressingly dirty. No one else was stopping to look at the little house so unobtrusively located. If they had, they would have seen a wreath over the door and a little marble tablet which told that one "Christopher Columbus" had passed his early childhood in this house.

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Extract the palm trees from Nice, and it would be strangely reminiscent of Atlantic City. Their boardwalk, however, is a concrete promenade, politely renamed, since the war, "Promenade of the United States," and, farther up, "Promenade of the English." The water front is lined with attractive hotels, most of them of white stone, contrasting with the clear blue of the water and the tropical green of the palms. I longed for a rolling chair—it's a question whether the people there are too energetic or not energetic enough to have them.

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And from Nice we motored to Monte Carlo. There was Monaco just as it looks in all the pictures, stretching out like a long-handled frying pan into the water. That's where the palace of the Prince of Monaco is situated—but just beyond

—around the bend—is the thing that keeps the Prince's palace going—Monte Carlo and its casino. Inexpressibly beautiful, with gardens, tree-fringed, leading to it on the land side, and with marble terraces and grassy banks stretching away to the sea on the other side, the Casino stands as a little jewel of rarely exquisite beauty.

And now about the Casino itself. If you've a passport and are over twenty-one, entering is no difficult matter. You go in, turn to the left, ask for a visitor's card and after filling out a resume of your family tree (you get used to that in Europe) you are given a little card. That is good for one day, and if you come back the next, you exchange it for another. The third day ends the visitor classification and then you must apply and pay for a regular admission card. Three days was enough for us!

Well, now you have your cards, what next? "To the left for the game rooms, Madame"—and you hope you don't look *too* green as the uniformed man ushers you in. You needn't have worried. Nobody bothers about how you look or what you do—they're all too intent on the business in hand. This is no game—it's a serious business. The first thing that struck me was that few young people were playing. I guess that's because they can't afford it. Trembling old men, and deaf old ladies seemed to be in an overwhelming majority, mumbling, counting, figuring and craftily placing their chips. It is bewildering at first. About twenty people are seated around the table with a croupier at each end and on either side in the middle. (It keeps that many busy raking the people's money away from them.) On the lines, in the corners, out at the sides—more chips seemed to be outside the squares than in them, then the wheel spun round, they still kept sliding the chips in place, the croupier called sharply, the ball fell into the numbered slot and the croupiers

raked in all but a few of the chips. Mysterious persons leaned over and scooped up chips—and the thing started all over again.

By the time that you've learned that the white chips are five francs, the red ones twenty and the blue ones a hundred, you are eager to try your luck—so pretty soon you go home with one white one left for a souvenir, and a new entry on your expense account. They say if you lose all your money there, they pay your way home, considering it a gift if you never return, a loan if you do—but we didn't try them out. You know there aren't any pawn shops in Monaco either—a quaint rule, and a self-explanatory one.

They didn't have a single suicide while we were there—and we stayed three days. The most important thing we witnessed was the painless extraction of numbers of oval and oblong chips (five hundred and a thousand francs) from the bulging pockets of an equally bulgy beef packer. Once in a while he would win, and then into the box of the croupier would go a generous tip. That's another system. No tips direct, but just to show your gratitude you drop a contribution into this thing that looks like the machines the Fifth Avenue bus conductors carry. The first year the custom was instituted they made sixty thousand francs—so somebody *must* win sometimes.

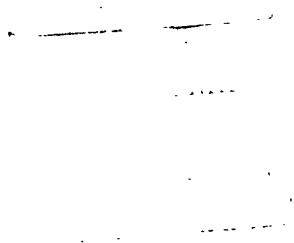
Across the way is the Cafe de Paris with its gayly striped red and white shaded tea tables, where one goes for tea. It must be very festive at the height of the season. "Sophistication itself" someone has called it—and perhaps someone knows.

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Back to Paris once more—the land of the filthy francs and the tottering taxis; where one piece of paper money is guaranteed to contain the germs of at least two contagious



**Yonder—through the gardens—lies  
the Casino of Monte Carlo**



diseases, and where you need a pair of rubber gloves and a box-respirator to handle the more advanced ones. Well, anyway, we were glad to be back, and gladder that within five days we'd be on the "Paris" as she made her Christmas trip to the States.

One of the last things I did in Paris was to telephone our own Jane Hill who is studying human nature and the French language there. She had something for me, she said, so I crossed Paris, scrambled about the Latin Quarter until I found her charming little "pension," climbed two flights of stairs and found—one perfectly good, "cut-to-fit-the-mouth" piece of James' Salt Water Taffy! And it tasted so fresh and so good that I closed my eyes and made believe I could see the machine at work turning them out—but just then it was gone, and I came back to Paris with a thud!

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I have done my duty to posterity. When some snobbish little aristocrats boast that their ancestors came over with the Pilgrims, *my* descendants can pipe up that theirs came over with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

I think the old boat fairly rocked with delight at the thrill of transporting such celebrities. Perhaps we should have seen more of the celebrities if the rocking had been less violent. Mary gave us a "close-up" the first night and then "faded out" for about six reels, and all we saw of Douglas was a passing glimpse as he pounded along the deck—hatless and over-coatless—for his exercise. He confided the last night—as he auctioned off programs at the Ship Concert—that he was a rotten sailor. Most of us had been astute enough to guess it long before the confession.

They were traveling "en famille"—with Mamma Pickford, Brother Fairbanks, Niece Mary and forty-five pieces



of baggage. (This is authentic. I counted them myself as they stood on the pier—"F" you see is right next to "E," so I had a chance to see the customs officers at work on them. There were twenty-one trunks and twenty-four bags.)

Mr. Morse and Madame Calve were the other celebrities on board—the ones that get into the headlines, and who leave a paragraph at the end of the article into which to squeeze the names of those who were "also among the passengers."

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It was the day before we landed in New York. Two hundred miles to go—and there was Madame Calve singing before her first audience in the United States. It was strangely quiet up in the little wireless office of the "Paris." Doug and Mary were there—but strangely, too, not the center of the picture. This time everyone was watching Madame Calve as she stood before the large phonograph horn and poured into it the fullness and sweetness of her voice. There was an accompaniment of buzzing and spluttering from the wireless telephone apparatus, and then a confirmation of the fact that Madame Calve had put across her first song—had put it across about two hundred miles, to be exact.

And what did she choose—why "Dixieland," of course, singing it with such a depth of feeling that it must forever hold a deeper significance for those few people who were privileged to hear it that day.

Then there was "Carmen," and Gounod's "Serenade"—and all the time Doug and Mary sat by and enjoyed the novel sensation of being mere onlookers.

Between songs, however, conversation turned to pictures, and Doug confessed that his idea in reproducing "The Three Musketeers" was not to follow the characterization of

Dumas but merely to base his picture on the first part of the book, and to color it with his personal touches and tricks.

Just then we heard Mary saying very confidentially that she didn't believe in keeping diaries, that if you weren't truthful they weren't any use, and if you were, they were dangerous. Despite this startling admission, Doug continued to look sublimely happy and quite contented with life in general.

Little Mary—I mean the littler one of the two, revealed a fearful family skeleton, too. “No,” she said, “I don't think I'll do ‘Red Riding Hood.’ I don't want to be in any more pictures because my Aunt Mary didn't pay me for the last one.” Whereupon “Aunt Mary” (she doesn't look old enough to be anyone's aunt) hastened to produce her ward's check-book, at which little Mary sniffed audibly. It's a case of five pennies in the hand being worth five thousand in the bank, with her.

In some of those forty-five trunks which the Fairbanks family brought home with them, you would find the cunningest kiddie's clothes, for Mary Pickford Rupp appeared in a succession of French outfits that turned every other little girl on the boat green with jealousy. Aunt Mary only appeared in the dining room for one meal, but little Mary is a good sailor—and a well-dressed one. One day it would be squirrel from tip to toe, the next it would be dark brown with a smart beaver collar and hat to match. When she slipped out of her coat, you might see a blue taffeta frock with long waist—the whole upper part of latticed strips of the blue taffeta with darling pink rose-buds here and there.

The squirrel coat covered a dress of gray duvetyn with a gray fur collar, and with nickel-plated buttons for trimming. She has the face of a cherub, with great round serious eyes that seem to have seen already some of the tragedies

of life—this youngster who orders “Aunt Mary” and “Doug” around as no director—or any one else in the world would dare to do.

Madame Calve had sung her last song—about five or six in all—and was chatting with the Captain. They were talking about German music, and we were all anxious to know whether she would include it in her repertoire. A look of intense surprise accompanied by an emphatic: “But, of course, Beethoven—Schumann—Mendelssohn—why, they are of no country, they are great artists and live in a country of their own,” ended the question.

There was a general movement just then, for the Captain had risen and invited everybody up for tea. The room gradually emptied, and just then the wireless telephone began to buzz frantically. “We want Douglas Fairbanks to talk,” came the imperative call from New York—but Douglas was upstairs punishing a cup of tea—so New York had to do as “The Chocolate Soldier” did, and “go for once without.”

\* \* \*

Home again! For which—thank God!

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And now I can chuckle even more appreciatively than ever before at F. P. A.’s confession:

“Before I was a travelled bird,  
I scoffed, in my provincial way  
At other lands; I deemed absurd  
All nations but these U. S. A.

But now I’ve been about a bit—  
How travel broadens! How it does!  
And I have found out this, to wit,  
How right I was! How right I was!”













